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POETRY.

IS IT WORTH WHILE?

Is it worth while that we jostle a brother,
bearing his load on the rough road of life?
Is it worth while that we jostle at each other,
in blackness of heart that we war to the knife?
God pity us all in our pitiful strife.

God pity us all as we jostle each other;
God pardon us all for the triumphs we feel
When a fellow goes down 'neath his load on the
heather,
Pierced to the heart; words are looser than
steel,
And mightier far for woe than for woe.

Were it not well in this brief life's journey,
On over the isthmus, down into the tide,
We give him a fish instead of a serpent,
'Ere folding the hands to be and abide
Forever, and aye, in dust at his side?

Look at the roses saluting each other;
Look at the herds all in peace on the plain,
Man, and man only, makes war on his brother,
And languis in his heart at his perils and pain,
Shamed by the beasts that go down on the
plain.

Is it worth while that we battle to humble
Some poor fellow going down into the dust?
God pity us all! Time too soon will tumble
All of us together, like leaves in a gust,
Humbled, indeed, down into the dust.
—Joaquin Miller.

STORY TELLER.

The Postman's Story.

As I was saying, it was Valentine's day, 1872. My route was from Seventh to Twelfth on Spruce street. The locality was a good deal more fashionable then than now, and some very high-toned folks lived there. We won't mention names, nor give a number, but the particular young lady I'm going to tell you about lived just above Tenth street. I had a pretty big load, and was not in the best of temper with my work, but when a beautiful young lady opened the door herself in her eagerness to get the large envelope, which was addressed her, and smiled her thanks at me, I felt a different man. Nor did I feel the worse after the hot cup of coffee, which a servant girl had ready for me, as instructed by the young lady, for it was a bitter raw morning, and the bullet wound in the shoulder, which I got at the second battle of Bull Run, was twinging pretty bad. Now a postman can't help noticing his letters a bit. Everybody hasn't got letter boxes to drop 'em in—of course, I am referring to routes of private house—and you are often kept waiting a half minute or so at the door. The things I have read on postal cards are a caution, I can tell you. A postman learns a good deal accidentally about other people's affairs—but to come back to the young lady.

I took an interest in her from the 14th day of February, and generally glanced at her envelopes. She got a good many, but nearly all were in ladies' handwriting; letters from girl friends and invitations to balls and receptions, and such like, I guess. The exceptions were letters in a bold, masculine handwriting, all written by the same man; there was no doubt about that. At first I brought them once a week, and then, after a little while, every day, and sometimes twice a day. She often took them in herself, and I always felt happy for the rest of the day. Her bright smile sort of went thro' me. Once or twice I received a letter from her to post to him. I was sure, not that she told me so, but I could tell it was by the way she blushed when she handed them to me. I looked at the address and name. It was a broker on Third street. On the June following the Valentine's Day, the family went away, and I did not return from out of town until October, but I did not see the young lady, nor did I have any letters for her. "Hasn't she returned yet?" I asked the colored waiter. "Oh, no, she won't be here till Christmas. She is now on the 'continon'g' with her husband. They were married at Newport in August." "Oh," says I. And I thought no more of the matter; events had taken their natural course by ending in marriage, as all properly regulated love letters ought to do.

She came back with her husband at Christmas, and began house-keeping in the same square as her family, so I delivered her letters. She saw me on New Year's Day, and did not forget me, either. What she gave me was sufficient to buy my wife a warm cloak for the winter, with enough left over for a pair of shoes for the baby. The newly married couple had a heap of letters of all sorts, kinds and descriptions. Invitations in any number for both of them, and plenty of female correspondence for her. He seemed to get letters from all parts of the world; between them they had more than the rest of the square put together. There seemed to be a change

by April. The envelopes of the letters had the names of store-keepers on them, and doubtless contained bills. The following month similar letters came very thickly indeed, and so did letters with names of lawyers on the upper right-hand corner of the envelopes. He seemed to be always at home, for he often came to the door himself and took the letters from me, as if anxious for the servants not to see them. A good looking man he was, with a proud manner and a dissipated face.

"We are going away to-morrow," said the colored servant one morning, as I handed him the customary batch. "Out of town?" I asked.

"Out of this town, I guess," he replied, with a grin. "The sheriff's officers are in the house."

When I was delivering the letters the next day, a hack drove up to the door, and I lingered a moment out of curiosity. The lady came down leaning on her husband's arm, looking so miserable and altered that I hardly recognized her. She must have noticed the expression on my face, for she nodded to me and smiled; but such a ghost of a smile. A few days afterward the things in the house were sold at auction, and new people came to live there; and soon, amid the many thoughts of life, I forgot all about the young lady.

It was in the summer of 1877, when I got put on a route in Germantown. I was not very well, and thought the country walking would do me good, so I changed routes, with the permission of the postmaster, with a comrade, who worked, as I said, in Germantown. Sorting out my letters, as I served one of the pretty, leafy avenues, I came across one addressed to the old, familiar name, Mrs. —, and in the husband's handwriting. The postmark was Colorado; so he was away, that was evident. She was sitting on the porch of a pretty little cottage with a child in her arms. It was easy to see that she was no longer rich. The dresses of herself and child, and the smallness and dirtiness of the Irish serving maid, who was cleaning a parlor window, denoted the fact at a glance; but she did not look unhappy, and she knew me at once.

"Why, postman," she exclaimed, "is it possible it can be you?"

"Yes, ma'am," I says, "it is; thanking you kindly for remembering me, and here is one of his letters for you."

She took it from me with the old eagerness, and as she turned to go into the house, I noticed her pressing it to her lips. He didn't write very often to her—every two or three weeks, not more, while sometimes much longer intervals elapsed. It used to make me quite miserable when I noticed her pleading face as I passed morning after morning without anything for her.

"You are quite sure you have not got one, postman?" she would ask.

"Quite sure ma'am. The western mail is late to-day—not delivered till to-morrow," was my faltering excuse.

Christmas day arrived, and I had not delivered a letter from the husband since the middle of October. She no longer came to the door now. The little servant girl told me her mistress was nearly as ill. At last I brought a letter from Colorado—on the last day of the year; and then I delivered one regularly once or twice a week, until February. The lady began to come to the door again, looking something like her former bright self.

The 14th of February—Valentine's Day came round, and I had a Colorado letter for the lady; but it was not in the husband's handwriting. She came to the door.

"Here's a valentine, ma'am," says I, cheerily. "I hope it will make you as happy as the one I delivered to you in Spruce street about five years ago."

"Thank you, postman," she replied, "and I have got a hot cup of coffee for you."

She took the letter, eyed it curiously, and opened it with trembling fingers. I was watching her while sipping my coffee—a glance at the contents, and she fell back lifeless. The little Irish girl came up immediately, and between us we carried the lady into the parlor, and laid her on the sofa. Then I took up my mail-bag, for of course I could not wait, and continued my delivery. A few houses away lived a doctor, and I told his servant there was a sick lady who required medical aid. I had no letters for the cottage the next morning, but the little servant

rushed out to tell me the lady was dying, the letter from Colorado was from a police justice, saying the husband had run away with a woman to Australia, taking with him a large sum of money he had stolen from his employers. The letter also said it was supposed, where he was working, that the woman, who was his companion, was married to him, until a search among the defaulter's papers disclosed the existence of a wife in Philadelphia. Before the week had closed, there was a bow of crapo on the cottage door, and the doctor's certificate said, "Died of a broken heart." Have you got a match about you, sir; my pipe has gone out. And the postman trudged off homeward with his mate, the letter-sorter.

ROOF LIFE IN NEW YORK.

Progressive architects have again suggested that the roofs of high buildings should be utilized for the benefit of the occupants, by turning them into gardens and play-grounds. A London architect has said that in the house of the future, the kitchen will be in the highest story and on the roof will be a "saw" garden, which will furnish fresh vegetables for the family table. A correspondent of the New York Times, in describing the queer lives led by janitors' families, indirectly shows that the architect's idea may realized some day. He says: I know a janitor who had charge of a building down Broadway, who has four little tots of children; and they don't get down into the street more than once a week or so.

Two of them were born in the seventh story of an immense iron building, just under the roof. One of them to my certain knowledge has never been down in the street at all. That's a fact. It will be down some day. It was born only last week.

Where do you think the children's play-ground is? It is on the roof; and a rare, good yard it is, too, with flowers growing on it, and everything just like a good, big, paved yard.

There is a high ledge around the four sides, so there is no danger of the youngsters falling off. And there are clothes-lines there and tubs standing about, and clothes-pins lying on the ground,—everything so natural you might easily imagine yourself in somebody's back yard.

Those children seldom see anything of the world down below; and their mother hardly ever does, for she has her hands full taking care of the youngsters. There is a nice secluded life for you, with no danger of annoyance from prying neighbors. There is something attractive about it, too.

Just think of the janitor, at dark, shutting up the whole place, and barring the big iron doors with himself inside. There he is, with his family about him, and all the world securely locked out.

It is as good as living in a castle with the bridge drawn up and the moat full of water.

But even when the outer doors are locked, the janitors are not always shut in from the world. There is a block of buildings in one of the principal business centres of the city all about the same height.

Each building has its janitor, and each janitor has his family. When the outer doors are shut and locked and no outsider can by any possibility make his way in, the janitors' families begin to visit.

The roofs form their avenues and boulevards, their grand promenade. There is something slightly curious about that way of living, isn't there?—having your neighbors dropping in through the roof instead of coming through the door.

It is something like the way of living of the old cave dwellers in the Southwest.

Too Rich to Work.

They say that "some are born great, and some have greatness thrust upon them," and the saying is at least half true if you put "lazy" in the place of "great." Plenty of people are born lazy, and a good many think they have laziness, "thrust upon them" because they happen to be rich. That sort of human beings—who feel excused from doing anything for the reason that they "have an income"—are likely to be objects of contempt when they imagine they are envied and admired.

Coming west on a dining car on the Fort Wayne and Pennsylvania Road the other day, the passengers were putting in the waiting for a late breakfast, conversing on all kinds of

topics. Two men were in a seat talking, when one said,—

"Nine o'clock is a later breakfast than I am accustomed to. I always eat breakfast at seven."

The other man, a split-looking young fellow, said, after a yawn, "I never eat breakfast till ten o'clock."

The man with whom he was talking said, "You must take it pretty leisurely about getting to business," and then the nice-looking young fellow said, "Business! I have no business. I have nothing on earth to do, never had a thought of doing any thing, and never had a care. I have an income."

Everybody that was within hearing turned and looked at the great strapping fellow who had nothing on earth to do, and he fell away below zero

MR. GOULD'S EARLY LIFE.

QUITE AN UNEXPECTED EPISODE IN HIS TESTIMONY—TEARS AND A PRAYER IN THE WOODS.

In giving his testimony before the Senate Committee, Mr. Gould said that there was very little in his career that he thought would interest the committee or the public, but he was willing to tell all that there was, and he continued as follows:

"I was born at Roxbury, Delaware County, in this state, May 27, 1836. My father was a small farmer, who kept a dairy of twenty cows. I was the only boy in the family; so I helped my sisters in milking the cows both morning and night, and drove them to and from the pasture. As I was obliged to go barefoot during the summer, and often had my feet pricked by the thistles about the fields and pastures, I concluded I didn't like farming, and so one day asked my father to allow me to go to school, which was situated about fifteen miles distant from home. He replied that as I wasn't worth much about the farm he would give me my time. I found a blacksmith near the school who would board me if I would write up his books at night. I was then about fourteen years of age. I attended school for a year, and then obtained a clerkship in a country store, where I was obliged to work from 6 A.M. to 10 P.M. By this time I had acquired a taste for mathematics, especially surveying. By getting up at 3 o'clock in the morning and studying until 6, I obtained a good knowledge of the latter branch, and at length started out to find employment as a surveyor.

HE SEEKS RELIEF IN PRAYER.

"I made an engagement with a man who was making a map of Ulster County at a salary of \$20 a month and expenses. When he sent me out with my instruments to survey a portion of the country, he gave me a pass-book, and told me to get trusted for my board at the several places through which I passed, and he would pay the bills. I soon found that people were not willing to trust my employer. The second day out I presented my pass-book to the man who had entertained me, and told him to put down the expense. He looked at me angrily, and then said: 'I guess you don't know your employer. He has failed three times already. You've got money and I'm going to have it.' This frightened me, but I managed to explain to him that I didn't have a cent, and in proof of the statement I turned my pockets inside out. Convinced of my honesty, he said he would trust me until I could pay the bill. I thanked him for his consideration and left the house. As I walked along the road I felt as if my heart would break with grief. I could see nothing ahead but failure and misery. In my despair I went into the woods and had a good cry. Then I got down on my knees and prayed."

Mr. Gould's voice trembled and his eyes filled with tears as he said this. Senator Blair was deeply moved by the recital. The effect upon the audience was marked. For a moment not a sound was heard except the rumbling of the teams over the pavements in the streets below.

At this point Mr. Gould said to the committee: "This is a silly lot of stuff. I—"

"Oh, no, it is not," interrupted Senator Blair; "it is very interesting. Go on."

THE FIRST VENTURES.

"When I rose," continued Mr. Gould, "I had made up my mind to go ahead. Late that afternoon, having had nothing to eat since morning, I called at a farm-house and received some bread and meat from the hands of a kind-hearted woman. Just as I was leaving the yard her husband called me back and asked me to fix a

north and-south line by which the time of day might be determined. I did so, and received, after paying for my lunch, seven shillings. It was the first money I had earned since I started out, and, of course, it gave me new courage and confidence in myself.

The man for whom I was working at length failed. I proposed to the other young men who were employed in the survey that we go ahead and complete the map of Ulster County. We did so, and when the work was done I sold out my interest in the map for \$500. Soon after I made maps of Delaware and Albany Counties, and in this way succeeded in accumulating \$5000.

While surveying I became acquainted with a gentleman named Zadock Pratt, who took great interest in me and invited me to go into the tannery business with him. Mr. Pratt sent me out into the western part of the State, where I found a fine hemlock growth. We put up a saw-mill and blacksmith shop, and were soon doing a large lumber business. Afterwards I bought out my partner and continued operations for some time. Just before the panic of 1857 I sold out my business to Charles M. Leupp, of New York, who shortly afterwards committed suicide."

Maxims for Printers.

It is better to remain idle than to work at a loss.

Genius is as race in printing as in any other art.

Legitimate competition is a sign of life and health.

Do your work carefully, striving for constant improvement.

Follow copy, provided it is good, and never copy anything bad.

You cannot be a successful printer if the imprint of care and study is not upon brain and hands.

Preserve all specimens of good work that come into your possession, and spend your leisure time in their study.

Unless an apprentice is possessed of an ambition and determination to excel, the chances are that he will always be but a poor workman.

Skill in business, a well-earned reputation for uniformly superior work, a good financial credit, promptness, honorable and liberal dealing, correct and steady personal and business habits, are absolutely necessary concomitants of success.

No matter how good a printer you are, you will learn something new every day; and in every job you do for a customer, study how you can improve it next time. Never let a poor or carelessly executed job go out of your office, no matter even if, by mistake in "estimating," or for any other reason, you may lose money on this particular one.

Study the work of first-class printers. A skillful workman has expended time, thought, and labor in its production.

It is not the grace or beauty of a single line that produces the result sought. The specimen must be judged as a whole.

Never curve a line where it would look better straight.

Do not crowd a job to put in a flourish or an ornament.

Elaborate borders can only be used effectively by first class workmen.

A plain rule border, with a neat corner, is more effective than a display border on a small card.

Ornament has to be kept strictly within the stern chasteness of taste, and permits of no extravagance of detail.

Better do a good, plain job in black ink and one style of type, than an outrageous combination of fantastic ornaments in the glowing hues of a rainbow.

The use of ornaments requires a cultivated taste. They were intended to "light up," not smother; to give an "airy grace," not detract; to do away with "monotony," not make a dreary waste.—Printer's Register, London.

VERY STRANGE.

Major Gale Faxon bought a horse from the pastor of an Austin church, and shortly afterwards the following conversation was heard:

"You have swindled me with that horse you sold me last week."

"How so?" asked the clergyman, very much surprised.

"Well, I only had him for three days when he died."

"That's very strange. I owned him twenty-three years, and worked him hard every day, and never knew him to do that while I owned him."—Texas Siftings.

My Visit to Wyandotte Cave.

In describing Wyandotte Cave it requires a keener brain than mine, but, nevertheless, I will try to give a brief description of it in my own style. As far as my judgment goes, no written delineation can transport an adequate idea of its splendor, gloom and beauty. The visitor lingers on, mile after mile, though avenues hewn out of solid rock by the mighty agencies of nature into magnificent halls, grottoes, chambers, domes, etc., whose ceilings are veiled in darkness; the walls are rugged by nature's description, which the subtle chemistry of nature, for unknown ages, has worked into forms of rarest beauty.

Not far from the entrance is an archway bearing the resemblances of a railroad tunnel so symmetrical that the beholder would take it to be the work of masonry, so perfect is it in every respect. The cave is divided into rooms, halls, palaces, etc., and each is known by its respective name, which the guide gives on inquiry, or as he goes on.

Pillared palace is a beautiful room, being among the most remarkable parts of the cave, whose ceiling is entirely fringed with works of stalactites while an equally thick coat of stalagmites covers its floor, forming the grandest of pillars, while drapery and ornaments of every conceivable form and color are seen everywhere, which, when exposed to a slight blow, make music like that of a silver bell. It presents a grand appearance in the uncertain light of the candles which the visitor carries about with him; but, when a drummond light is being set off, the whole panorama is transported into an unearthly beauty.

Beauty Bower is a long passage, averaging about three feet in height and about twenty in width, of one solid incrustation of gypsum. When lighted, the crystallization encrusting the deposits sparkle like myriads of diamonds. The beautiful colors of the rainbow are counterfeited by the millions of prisms that embellish the face of this unearthly grandeur on terranean palace. Though I am young in years and have not seen much of the world's wonders, I can safely say that the world has as yet produced nothing of this kind to equal it. It would have put to shame the most elaborate and extravagant architecture of Rome's days of prosperity and glory, when sculptors and architects were in abundance.

The Throne, in a certain part of the cave, presents an interesting sight. A writer, in giving a description of it, says: "It is one of the most remarkable places in the circle; we approach it by descending a steep, rocky hill. Against the wall is a circular projection of about three feet, from which hung long crystalized stalactites in rich festoons with corresponding stalagmites below, rising about two feet, which gives an excellent seat, the former giving the idea of a beautiful curtained canopy." This presents truly a sublime, rather an unearthly wonderful sight when one learns, that it is a fruit of nature and make the beholder think of the Creator who has been at work in silence for an age which lies beyond the ability of scientists even to approximate.

Monument Mountain is very remarkable in its immense dimensions. It is a vast pile of rocks thrown into fantastic confusion. An effort to describe it would be very poor on my part, so I quote from the Indianapolis Journal:—"This dome has hardly a superior in the world. Standing on the summit of this mountain, which towers up to a height of one hundred and seventy-five feet, we looked upwards, but the top was veiled in darkness. We cast our glance around, but the same unilluminated night lay beyond the dim light of our candles. But when we had lighted our fireworks, we could see far above us the bending arch of this majestic Temple, rising two hundred and forty-five feet from the base of the mountain, while around us extends, in vast proportions, a circular wall one thousand feet in circumference. Within this rotunda the ancient Pantheon might be placed, or St. Paul's of London find ample room." Few people can go over this huge mountain without falling down. In descending I was somewhat careless, and suffered a severe fall in consequence, which still smart.

There are many other interesting places of exquisite beauty, among which are Milroy's Temple, Pillar of the Constitution and many others. An attempt to give an account of their characters would be a matter of impossibility on my part. A personal presence is essential to one who wants a full idea of what the cave is,

consequently I will not go on any further with my narrative.

The following extract is from the Presbyterian Herald, which speaks for itself:—"It would take a volume to describe the whole cave. Those who have visited the Mammoth Cave, will find this one not a whit behind it in interest. It is evidently worthy of a visit, and of the study of all those who wish to become familiar with the grand and the beautiful in nature and to have their minds led through nature up to nature's God. We do not remember ever to have had larger conceptions of the infinite power and wisdom of the Great Creator of all things, than whilst standing in those vast amphitheatres and gazing upon their indescribable beauties, which had slumbered there for ages, unseen by any eye save that of God himself."

The temperature of the cave is 56 degrees throughout the year, which, in connection with the remarkable purity of the atmosphere, enables persons of delicate health to undergo great physical exertion. It is a common thing for a person, who can hardly walk a mile on the surface, to accomplish several miles in the cave.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

This summer I had decided to have a short vacation to refresh myself, after a close confinement in the printing office for fully two years. How and where shall I spend my time was made a matter of consideration, and, as a result, Crawford County, Ind., was selected. During my stay there I boarded with Mr. Lang, whose son, William, a graduate of the Indianapolis Institution, took me to the cave, of which the above is an account. He was a pleasant conversationalist and proved to be familiar with nearly every point in the cave. He is an intelligent mute, and very successful in his shoemaking business. Few men in that county can beat him in the trading business. I wish him success, prosperity and a handsome wife.

John R. Singleton, formerly a printer of the Kentucky Deaf-Mute, is in the city. He came here to see our Exposition and to get work in some printing office. It is very doubtful that he will succeed, as the city is full of compositors during the Exposition.

During my absence there came many deaf-mutes from abroad to see the Exposition, whose names I cannot give as I have seen none of them. Among them, I am informed, was Mr. Geo. T. Schofield and his family. He is the oldest teacher at the Kentucky Institution. I am sorry because I did not get a chance to see him.

Miss Eilloriss, who has been in very bad health ever since the overflow of the Ohio, is now gradually improving. That she may be restored to health is the desire of her many friends.

Miss Annie E. Pierce and Mrs. Rusk went to see the Exposition last Saturday, and came home full of mirth and glee.

Mr. D. C. Dudley, Superintendent of the Kentucky Institute, and wife, were in the city attending the Conference of National Charities, last week. From him, I learned that he spent about seven weeks among the Alleghenies, where Nature in the past had rare sport piling up the huge mountains that will ever strike the traveler with awe. He seems much improved in health. I was as glad to see them as they were to see me.

Antony Greif, of Paducah, Ky., was here some time ago, visiting some of his old friends. He took in the Exposition, and went home happy.

Miss Martha A. Stephens, a teacher connected with the Kentucky Institution, was in the city three weeks ago. As her sojourn was very short, few of us got a chance to see her. Her object in visiting here was to see her old classmate, Miss Sarah J. Comley, and the Exposition.

F. C.
October 1, '83.

A Correction.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Allow me to correct a mistake made by your correspondent "X" in last week's issue, regarding the date of the Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union's coming Reception.

Although the date originally set down was January 31st, '84, circumstances have since occurred that necessitate a change. The day and date will be Wednesday, February 6th, 1884.

Full particulars will be given through the JOURNAL in due time. Respectfully,
Chairman Com. of Arrangements.
New York Oct. 1, '83.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCT. 11, 1883.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 1624 Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS: One copy, one year, \$1.50. Clubs of ten, \$12.50. These prices are variable. Remit by post office money order, or by registered letter.

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Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

The Recent Convention.

MR. EDMUND BOOTH, of Iowa, has just published a letter about the recent National Convention. We think it our duty to take exception to some of the remarks made. We publish a paper for the benefit of deaf-mutes. It is not our purpose to injure any one. Slanderous, malicious and untruthful statements are rigidly excluded from the JOURNAL. But Mr. Booth has made what we deem to be a slanderous statement, and we are obliged quote it in order that the correction may be made clear and plain. He says:

"In the month of May, I set about selecting a local committee, but was unpleasantly impressed with the conviction that, with perhaps a few exceptions, the New York deaf-mutes were not equal to the occasion. They had no experience in such affairs, and could not distinguish between a political and a fraternal or social convention. Had they an organization like those of the mutes of New England and Chicago, the entire arrangement might be left for them to discuss for months beforehand, and some decision reached satisfactory to the majority. The half-dozen little clubs, with big names and a few members, would not answer."

If there could be anything more egotistic than the above, we would like to hear of it. Mr. Booth knows nothing about the mutes of New York, and perhaps less about those of New England, yet he sets himself up as a judge of the abilities of individuals he has never seen or heard of. Forty years ago, he might have been posted in the matter, but he is not at the present day. The mutes of New York are an intelligent class, and there are more prosperous deaf-mutes in New York than in any other city in the Union. There are fifty or a hundred deaf-mutes in New York who could manage the preliminaries of a convention, with as much ability, and far more integrity than Mr. Booth showed in the exercise of the official honor which was given him at Cincinnati. The societies in New York are conducted in a manner that would reflect credit upon veterans in the management of organizations. Hundreds of deaf-mutes are familiar with parliamentary usages, and can debate questions, deliver lectures, etc., with a grace and ease that would surprise even Mr. Booth, and in all probability make him to realize that all the smart mutes did not go to school a half a century ago. In our capacity as editor of a deaf-mute paper, we protest against this wholesale denunciation of the deaf-mutes of New York City. We make this protest, because justice to a large number of capable and honest men demands it. Had Mr. Booth chosen the mutes of any other city to rail against, we would defend them with the same promptness and impartiality. All fair-minded deaf-mutes will agree with us that such an uncalculated slur on respectable and intelligent deaf-mutes by any one, would be considered shameful, but, coming from one of Mr. Booth's years, it is disgraceful in the lowest degree. Several prominent members of our class, after attending the Convention, have publicly said that the New York deaf-mutes were intelligent and fair-minded gentlemen. We willingly invite any one who received unfair treatment, to make it known through the JOURNAL. But Mr. Booth, as the saying goes, "gives himself away" in the following remarkable statements:

"A correspondent of the JOURNAL intimated that for Chairman of the Local Committee I ought to have appointed a 'gentleman.' * * * For convenience, I change the word to respectable. * * * The fact is, respectable people are usually stupid people."

The above is Mr. Booth's philosophy. He admits that he did not appoint a respectable Chairman of the Local Committee, because he thinks respectable people are stupid people. All ye thousands of respectable deaf-mutes, think of it! But Mr. Booth adds this fatherly advice:

"I would not advise any person of only ordinary mentality to go outside the circle of respectability. He is safest well within."

For the sake of your safety, you are advised to be respectable; but if

you are smart enough to get along in safety, it appears to be Mr. Booth's opinion that it is best to be disreputable. He does not consider the moral effect of being disreputable, but considers only the danger to be encountered. Mr. Booth is welcome to his creed, but we object to the dissemination of any thing that will tend to convert any of the deaf and dumb into unscrupulous individuals, or make them outcasts from respectable society.

It is not necessary here to refute the false statements made and printed by a few "sore heads" concerning the election of officers. Those who were present, know the truth about the matter.

Mutes in New York City.

(From the Red Bank, N.J., Register.)

While at school at the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, I had the pleasure of forwarding to your paper a few articles concerning the deaf and dumb. Since my graduation and commingling with them here, I have learned much more concerning them, and herein I give you the mode of their life as evinced by mutes when they are not isolated, and when they are gathered together in large numbers. In and about New York there are 3,000 persons who are either deaf or semi-mutes. This is exclusive of those who are at school. One-third of them are female, and only 500 of them are in direct communication with each other.

St. Ann's Church, the spacious edifice at 18th street and 5th avenue, has a large number of mute parishioners. It is Episcopalian in denomination, but its views, as propounded by the rector, the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, and his assistant, the Rev. John Chamberlain, are broad and so exhaustive as to embrace nearly all other sectarian views, hence its popularity with all classes. St. Francis Xavier in 16th street, also has services for Catholic mutes. Among the branches of St. Ann's may be mentioned the Bible class and "The Guild of Silent Workers," which has for its aim the assistance of sick and needy mutes.

The literary food for the deaf is furnished by two associations. The Manhattan Literary Association is the leading one. It holds weekly meetings, and has lectures, debates, etc., each Thursday evening. Should any of your citizens drop in their rooms (basement of St. Ann's Church) they would be amply repaid. The Manhattan Literary Association gives an annual ball and an annual picnic, besides other amusements. The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union is similar in its workings, and meets on Wednesdays at the hall of St. Francis Xavier College, in West 16th street.

The leading social club is the Gallaudet club. Its elegant club room at 10th street Broadway, is the scene of many joyous festivities. Among its aims are the remembrance of the founder of deaf-mute instruction, Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, whose birthday is annually celebrated by an elaborate dinner. The club has among its members a wealthy lithographer, a leather goods manufacturer, seven instructors and professors in the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, an editor, four newspaper writers of note, gentlemen in the various branches of the civil services in the city, etc. All the members are either deaf or dumb, and it takes a good reputation and an excellent character to gain admittance.

The Fanwood Literary Association is composed of under-graduates of the New York Institution, and therefore hardly comes under the head "City Clubs," as they are under the direction of the officers of that Institution.

The DEAF-MUTE JOURNAL is the leading journal of the deaf-mutes, and has a subscription list of about five hundred in the New York city alone. This is about one-sixth of its entire circulation. Mr. E. A. Hodgson is the editor, and is one of the most popular and respected deaf-mutes in the country.

PLAY AND DISPLAY.

There is a substratum of sense in the following anecdote which should make the girls look serious:

In a deaf and dumb asylum in a neighboring state, the instructor had been teaching the negative force of the prefix *dis*, giving as examples such words as these: *obey, disobey; regard, disregard*, etc. Soon he called upon the pupils for illustrations of the same principles, and an unsophisticated youth, evidently having in mind the rough games boys play, and also the fact that girls do not share in these games, innocently wrote on the board: "Boys play; girls display."—*Greenville (Mass.) Good Cheer.*

Opening of a Deaf-Mute Asylum.

TRENTON, N. J., Oct. 8, 1883.

The State Deaf and Dumb Institution will be opened in this city to-morrow for the free education of deaf-mutes from five to twenty-one years of age whose parents are indigent. Hitherto the indigent deaf-mutes of New Jersey have had to seek education under warrant of the Governor in asylums of other States. Professor Weston Jenkins, late of the New York Asylum, will be in charge of the institution.—*New York Herald.*

The 31st Anniversary Services on Sunday October 7th, in St. Ann's Church were full of interest and encouragement. The combined service at 10.30 A.M. was largely attended by deaf-mutes and their friends. Rev. Mr. Krans preached the sermon, which was interpreted in sign by the Rector.

A correspondent desires to know why the New Haven, Ct., mutes do not organize a Society.

ITEMIZER.

FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

News From Every State in the Union.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

A. Knochel, of Baltimore, wants to know Henry Stengele's address.

Alex. Goldfogel got a very handsome and appreciated present from his little niece a few days ago.

There were several deaf-mutes in the long crowded line at the Post-Office on the morning of October 1st, buying the new two cent postage stamps.

James F. Donnelly is a good specimen of a deaf-mute compositor. Recently, in a day of eight hours, he set up nearly fourteen thousand ems, Minion type.

Mr. William H. Lipsett, of Philadelphia, has been appointed a Bible Class teacher by Rev. Mr. Syle. Our reporter adds that he is glad of the re-election and appointment.

Mr. John Donnell has leased an elegant Queen Anne style house for his residence in Washington, D. C. He and Mrs. D. are happily settled in their "robin's nest."

W. J. Reilly has been paying very diligent attention to his trade, and since he left the N. Y. Institution a couple or more years ago, he has become a very competent lather on shoes.

Julius F. Lang is now working at Conish Shoe Factory. The factory in question is the largest in New York City, and is a model of one of the many factories in Lynn, Mass., the great Shoemaking City of this country.

George Pepin is working in a stove and hoop factory, at Mt. Clemens, Mich. He will get married to a Pittsburgh lady next year. He attended the State Fair in Detroit last week. He was recently nearly killed by the bursting of a boiler in the place where he was working. He wants to know Thomas Hillery's whereabouts.

Messrs. Cullingworth, of West Philadelphia; Houston, of Frankfort, Phila.; McKinney, of Southwark, Phila.; Paul, of Kensington, Phila.; and Turner, of Camden, N. J., are the five persons appointed for the Levee Committee. Mr. Breen, who had been on the committee, declined serving, and Mr. Turner was appointed in his place. Mr. Lipsett's idea of appointing the committee from different sections of the city is a good one, as it will give the mute representation from all parts. Mr. Cullingworth is an excellent chairman, as he has been a member of the Clero Literary Association for many years and has always remained faithful to the Association.

"Life of John Randolph, by Henry Adams," says as follows:—"John Randolph, the American statesman, of Roanoke, Va., had a nephew named St. George, who was deaf and dumb from birth. When John Randolph returned from his visit to St. George, he was suddenly met by the sad news that his brother Richard was dead. He was his oldest and closest companion. The widow and two children, one of whom was St. George, ultimately became irrational, beside the whole burden of the joint establishment now came under John R.'s charge. 'Then,' to use his own words, 'I had to unravel the tangled skein of my poor brother's difficulties and debts. His sudden and untimely death threw upon my care, helpless, as I was, his family, whom I tenderly loved.' John R. had reason in feeling kindly towards President Monroe, for the latter had shown much kindness to Randolph's poor deaf-mute nephew, who had been sent to Europe to be educated. He was a member of Congress, United States Senator from Virginia, and United States Minister to Russia. St. George closed his days in an insane asylum in 1813."

THE SILENT WORLD.

A CONFERENCE OF MUTES TO BE HELD IN PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, October 3.—Next week one of the most remarkable gatherings which has ever been held in this city will take place—the Conference of American Church Workers Among the Deaf. The proceedings will be conducted orally and in signs at the same time, and will be interpreted from one language into the other. The church work among deaf-mutes was begun only a few years ago, but it has already assumed respectable proportions. There are three organizations sustaining the work: The Church Mission Deaf-Mutes, in New York and New England, of which Bishop Potter is President; the Diocesan Commissions, established by the conventions of Pennsylvania and Central Pennsylvania, and headed by Bishop Stevens and Bishop Howe, and the General and Diocesan Boards of Missions. The deaf-mutes themselves have organized the Guild of Silent Workers, New York, and All Saints' Guild, Philadelphia, and have otherwise contributed to the advancement of the work.

The last census showed nearly thirty-four thousand deaf-mutes in the United States. Among these there are now seven clergymen laboring, three of whom are themselves deaf, besides a large number of Lay-readers and Bible-class teachers, nearly all of whom are deaf mutes. Services are conducted every Sunday in the language of signs at St. Ann's Church, New York City; St. Stephen's and Emmanuel churches, this city; and Grace Church, Baltimore. Other cities throughout the United States are provided with Bible-classes for the deaf, or are visited at regular intervals by missionaries belonging to the conference. In Great Britain, there are four churches built expressly for the deaf, and used exclusively by them. Two of these are in London. There are none in America, and the need is greatly felt by the friends of deaf-mutes.

A deaf and dumb preacher, Rev. Henry Winter Syle, of St. Stephen's Church, Tenth St., above Chestnut, will be ordained a priest on October 14th, by Right Rev. William Bacon Stevens, D. D., Bishop of Pennsylvania. The services will be peculiarly interesting from the fact that the Rev. Mr. Syle will be the first deaf and dumb preacher ever ordained to the priesthood in the Protestant Episcopal Church. He is a son of Rev. Edward W. Syle, D.D., well known as a missionary in China and Japan. The son has been prominently connected for many years with St. Stephen's Church in this city. In 1876, he was made a deacon, being the first deaf clergyman ever ordained.—*New York World.*

Mr. L. G. Leek, is one of the best shoemakers in New Haven, Ct.

Mrs. Nellie Jellison, wife of Simon Jellison, had a fine visit in the country at her aunt's for two weeks.

Mrs. Anna Brown, wife of C. Augustus Brown, enjoyed her visits among her folks for two weeks, and came home much benefited.

Mr. C. R. Thomson, of New York, was nearly made the dupe of an impostor last week. The young fellow said his name was King, and professed to have a letter from Dr. Gallaudet. Subsequent inquiry proved the letter to be false.

The friends of Miss Annie A. Spear, would be pleased to learn that she got a situation in the shoe-factory, a month ago, where three mutes are employed, whose names are Messrs. Jellison, Pendleton and Staples.

Charles D. Edmonston, of Moodna, N. Y., would like to have his deaf-mute friends go to the Centennial Celebration at Washington Headquarters, Newburgh, N. Y., which occurs on the 18th. There will be a display of fireworks in the evening.

So James F. Donnelly is working on a type-setting machine as reported in last week's JOURNAL. He has been one of the best, if not the very best, compositor of deaf-mutes in New York City. May the change he has taken from the case to the machine, turn out favorable.—*Cor.*

Mr. Wm. Riger, of New Haven, Ct., is a cigar-maker, and in prosperous circumstances. He graduated from the Hartford School in 1876. He says he is the only Connecticut mute cigar-maker. He was at the convention in New York City. The JOURNAL, in his opinion, is the best mute paper in the world.

Officer Clark of the Steamboat Squad found a deaf and dumb boy, about 6 years old, asleep at Pier 42 North River, this forenoon, and took him to police headquarters. He wore a gray jacket and dark pants, and was berefted.—*New York Daily News, Oct. 3, 1883.*

Mr. Jernigan, a deaf-mute, was recently appointed foreman of the shoe-shop at the Iowa Institution for Deaf and Dumb, has had an experience of sixteen years or more. He has successfully conducted at the Arkansas Deaf-Mute Institute about seven years, while Profs. Carnther and Hammond were superintendents of the Arkansas Deaf-Mute Institute.

The "Venture," published by Miss Angie A. Fuller, of this city, which we published a notice some weeks ago, is now out and ready for the reading public, and can be had upon application to Miss Fuller at any time. The work is one of real merit, and to those religiously inclined it will be of special interest, as it contains a large number of poems of this character, which are very fine. Miss Fuller has spent quite a number of years in preparing this work for the press, and when we take into consideration that she is almost deaf, dumb and blind, we are led to exclaim with wonder that she has been to accomplish such a task. We thankfully acknowledge the receipt of a handsome copy of the work and can confidently recommend it, and we sincerely hope that a generous public will appreciate the efforts put forth by this unfortunate, but very worthy lady, by purchasing a copy of this really commendable work. Upon the favor with which this work is received by the public, will largely depend her future efforts in this direction. Let every household in the community obtain a copy for the sake of the author.—*Savanna, Ill., Times.*

Correcting "X."

It was said in your last issue that the Twilight Union had ceased to exist. Indeed! that is news to me. If true, the Club is certainly a very lively corpse, as it will hold a meeting at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Hams, No. 427 Flat-bush Avenue, next Saturday evening, the 13th inst., to which all members are hereby notified to attend. The assertion that the Twilight Union could secure no place in which to hold a meeting, is also devoid of truth, and the person who made it is doubtless a member who is largely in arrears both for dues and other club expenses.

GEORGE L. REYNOLDS, Secretary.

THE DEAF-MUTES' TEMPLE.

AN ANNIVERSARY OF A LITTLE CHURCH THAT HAS DONE A GREAT DEAL OF GOOD.

In St. Ann's Church, "Eighteen street, near Fifth avenue, the Rev. Mr. Krans delivered the thirty-first anniversary sermon and the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet interpreted it for the deaf-mutes. The speaker's text was, "For as long now of the days that are past"—Deuteronomy, iv., 32. He said that Moses spoke of the past as if it were living, and not dead. In the same way he would refer to the past twelve months of the church's history. The speaker then read statistics showing the number of families and persons attending the church, the number of those who had died, of those who had been received and so on. He said that for parish purposes, \$8,825.09 had been received; for the poor, \$1,246.37, and for general purposes, \$227.24. There was great need of an endowment fund. The fund, it was hoped, would eventually reach as high as \$100,000. At present about \$22,000 had been subscribed for this purpose, but until the amount became \$30,000 the church would not receive any income from it. It was believed that by the 1st of next July the fund would amount to \$30,000. The speaker next referred to the energy and organization shown in private enterprises. Putting aside all dignity, the church should make known its wants. Colleges had done this and money had been freely given to them. While contributions and donations of \$5, \$10, \$15, \$20 or \$100 would be as thankfully received, as they were greatly needed, still he hoped that the time was coming when gifts of \$50,000 or \$100,000 would be given. Then the demands on the people would be less often made for the smaller sums. The person who gave freely would not lose by so doing. An aged lady who was one of the congregation had said to him that the more money she gave the more she seemed to have. He referred to the destruction of St. Xavier's Church in Cincinnati. This church was built by the \$1 subscriptions of the congregation. The work on the edifice went on slowly but surely, and the church was never allowed to get in debt. While yet the work of beautifying the inside was going on the church was destroyed. The people felt the loss as a personal one. They had built the church themselves. Almost immediately they began the rebuilding of it. Such energy and determination were worthy of imitation.

There were, he said, a great many rich people in this city, and the number was becoming greater. They were distinguished for their liberality in secular things, and it would be only necessary for the church to present to them the true state of affairs to be benefited at their hands. St. Ann's was a free church. Free to all, poor and rich alike. A great deal of good had already been accomplished, but there was a vast amount yet to be done.—*N. Y. Herald, Oct. 8.*

Mr. Beach, of New Haven, Ct., is said to be the best mute bicycle ride in the State.

John Ward, Jr., has returned to Canada, after a year's sojourn with his folks in Newark, N. J.

Mr. W. W. Munger, of Bridgeport, Ct., received a pleasant visit for S. W. Riger two weeks ago.

Mr. B. Bellinger is looking hale and hearty now-a-days, so different from a month or two ago.

A resident of New Haven, Ct., says R. D. Livingston does not reside in that city, but in New Britain, Ct.

Mr. Charles O. Upham, of Watertown, N. Y., was seen crossing in a Grand Street ferryboat to Brooklyn last Sunday.

Charles E. Green left Brooklyn on Tuesday last, and has gone to Pittsburg, Pa. He will be home again next Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rilesey, of Waterville, received an invitation from Clinton, N. Y., to attend the golden wedding of his uncle, on the 20th of last September.

Charles E. Card, of Earlville, N. Y., was in Waterville for a short time last Tuesday. He gave up the Town Fair, on account of heavy rain, and returned home last Wednesday.

Mr. T. F. Driscoll, a graduate of the Lexington Avenue School, who has been attending Columbia College and was a student of the School of Mines, has given up the struggle and will not go to College any more.

Miss Lizzie Votra, who graduated from the Indiana Institution last year, is teaching a class of new pupils at Hunderstown, Ind., how to talk by the deaf-mute alphabet. She expects more new pupils at Fort Wayne. She is a fine looking and accomplished lady.

The venerable S. B. Wyckoff, of Baldwin City, Kansas, writes: "Mr. George was removed from his position as Superintendent of the Institution for Deaf and Dumb, at Olathe, Kan., because Governor Glick (Democrat) was elected to be governor of this state. He would not teach in the institution on account of the low salary offered. He became editor of the *Mirror-Gazette*, but gave up the place on receipt of a telegram from the Iowa Institution offering a good salary. I see by a letter, that he has the first class with fifteen pupils, and that Superintendent Hammond is wide awake and active."

"Superintendent Turton, of the Kansas Institution, needs a more competent teacher for the high and senior classes, so the Board of Trustees will have to give a better salary for teaching the senior class than my son had."

Cucumbers Washed With Dew.

Of all the sights that please the eye There's one I'd dearly love to see, When morning's beam doth brightly gleam, And blow the breezes fresh and free: When Susan, rising, fresh and sweet, Into her garden quick doth hie, To brush the dew from festive cucumbers, and hang 'em up to dry.

For in my loved one's garden fair The cucumbers do bud and grow, The bugs she spies with jealous eyes, And 'knocks 'em silly' with a lace. And with her hands so lithe and white, She tends to them with watchful care, That right, I guess, my eyes would bless— 'T would be divine beyond compare.

North Eastern Pennsylvania.

RELIGIOUS WORK.

Concerning the work which seeks the spiritual good of the deaf and dumb here, it is gratifying to note encouraging success, and a more rigorous effort to prosecute it. Up to a short time ago, Scranton was the only place enjoying any sort of religious instruction. This was attempted to be done under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association by Mr. J. M. Koehler, until 1881, when the attention of the Rev. Mr. Syle was called to the important field. This resulted in a service being held here in November of that year, and the establishing of a quarterly service by the missionary. Meanwhile the work at Young Men's Christian Association Hall continued. Mr. Koehler having been commissioned Lay-reader in the meantime. At other places, however, no effort was made to establish services until last summer, when Mr. Koehler held services at Carbondale and near Wilkesbarre. In the fall, Rev. Mr. Syle visited the latter place, and founded a Missionary Station; and made arrangements, by which the Lay-reader could take charge of the work during the interval between the missionary's visit. Accordingly, Mr. Koehler visited not only Wilkesbarre, but also Pittston, Wymart, Montrose and Towanda, holding services, and visiting the mutes at their homes. Success attended his efforts; interest was aroused, the number of deaf-mutes learned, and, at Towanda, two baptized—Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Mills, of Ulster, Bradford County, Pa. The average attendance of deaf-mutes at these services was eight to ten. The importance of the field was made clear by these visits, and the need of additional laborers was manifested, in order to cultivate it properly; for it is obvious that the Rev. Mr. Syle alone could not attend to it in connection with his other work. The Central Pennsylvania Diocesan Commission on Church Work among Deaf-Mutes, which was appointed by the Bishop a year ago, took notice of these circumstances, and at a meeting held in Bloomsburg, on the 26th of September the services of Mr. Koehler were secured to assist the Missionary. Mr. Koehler has established a monthly circuit, including Carbondale, Pittston, Wilkesbarre, Montrose, Towanda and Scranton, where services will be held every month, of which proper notice will be given to the deaf-mutes of the several places. Other points will be visited when necessary, and the work extended as far as possible.

The Bible Class at Scranton will be kept up, and meetings held weekly, as heretofore, at the room of the Association, and the attempt will be

made to start similar classes at other places. It is to be hoped that this movement will meet with favor, and be encouraged by the deaf-mutes of North-eastern Pennsylvania. It can not well succeed without their co-operation.

NOTES.

The deaf-mutes of Scranton met last Friday evening in the room of the N. E. P. Association, and organized a literary club. The following officers were elected: Patrick Early, President; John McDonough, Vice-President; Wolfe Morris, Secretary; and August Christ, Critic. Mr. Koehler lectured on "Thaddeus Sobieski," and a debate took place between Messrs. Early and Morris on the question, "Resolved, That country life is preferable to city life," which was decided in favor of the affirmative side, represented by Mr. Early. The next meeting will be held on the 12th inst., when an attractive programme will be presented.

A regular meeting of the North Eastern Pennsylvania Association will be held at the room in Scranton on Wednesday evening, Oct. 17th, at half past seven, for the election of officers, and the transaction of important business. A full attendance of members is requested. There will be literary exercises.

Mr. J. M. Koehler conducted services for deaf-mutes at St. James' Church, Pittston on October 7th. Among the deaf-mutes present, we noticed Messrs. Williams and Flomming, and Misses Gorman and Davidson, of Pittston, and Miss Annie Bowler, of Wyoming.

WYLACK.

Chicago Items.

The Chicago Industrial Exposition has been visited by most of the silent people from Wisconsin, Iowa, Indiana, Michigan, Ohio and Illinois. They say that it is the best one they ever visited for years.

Many of the mutes had rushed to the Illinois State Fair and had much pleasure in seeing good varieties of agricultural products, domestic animals, rival implements, and also lively horse races during last week.

H. S. Titcomb, of Newburyport, Mass., a young man of intelligence, and a graduate from Clarke Institute for Deaf-Mutes at Northampton, Mass., was here on a brief visit in this city, and also called on Mrs. B. Larson and Jacob Kleinhaus, who were with him at the same school. He has recently gone to Racine, Wis., in search of work.

Walter Whitehouse, a man of christian character, recently left his native country, England, for America, and has succeeded in obtaining very lucrative employment here. He says he can earn his living here thrice better than he could in his native land.

R. L. Tarleton and his bride, who were married last August, stopped here on their wedding tour from Rockford, Ill., where they made visits to their mute acquaintances. They had good times in visiting the Chicago Exposition and other points of interest before they went east, to Mansfield, Ohio, where they have made a future home. Mr. Tarleton, whose trade is that of a shoemaker, was educated at the Virginia State School for mutes, at Staunton. His wife graduated from the Ohio school, at Columbus.

Adolf Rosenan, a man of good character, who was educated at a mute school in Germany, is now at work here, decorating on various fine shades on porcelain ware.

Mrs. E. D. Hunter (*nee* Iverson) went to Dakota Territory with her little child to visit her parents three weeks ago. Her husband, who is a printer, fancies himself deserted and a grass-widower staying at work here. He said his wife would stay in Dakota till next spring.

P. S. Engelhardt, of Milwaukee, Wis., was here twice to visit the exposition. He said he would like to learn how the Chicago, Louisville, Cincinnati and Milwaukee expositions compared with each other.

John Santter, of Rockford, Ill., Frank Hays and F. King, of Michigan, and Thomas Karges, of Burlington, Wis., were lately here visiting the Exposition and silent friends.

John R. Cotton, who is quite popular with the mute community, has his home full of company every week. He would like to go to Cincinnati, O., and Louisville, Ky., to see the exhibitions this month. His wife made a month's visit in Aurora, Ill., last August, and intended to remain longer, and go to Iowa, but was at once called home on account of her son's sickness. Her son is now better, and at work with his father, in the West Chicago RR. shops.

Josie Kandzia, a nice looking lady, who was born of German descent, and also was instructed in her native land, moved here some years ago, is now tailoring here, and, during her time of leisure, is learning the English language and to talk signs with the mutes. Her intimate friend, Miss A. Armer, is a steady tailress by trade.

Mr. Jas. Gallagher, a teacher at the South Side Mute School, was twice telegraphed of the deaths of his parents. He was summoned to come and attend his mother's funeral. He returned to his post of duty yesterday.

Messrs. S. Norris and L. Larson, with their ladies, went to Pullman, 15 miles south of this city, to take a view over its nice location, and then visited Messrs. Schorr and Elliott and their ladies. The latter above named gentlemen are two of the leading mute working hands at the Pullman Palace Car Workshop. After a time,

Mr. G. A. Christeyson and wife went and made a visit to Pullman.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Buchan are now away East on a visit to their relatives in Vermont. They return in a few weeks.

Maggie Rutton, a charming and intelligent lady from Janesville, Wis., has been here on a month's visit to her friends. She says she has had much pleasure in visiting the many points of interest and the Chicago Exposition. She will return to her Wisconsin home next week.

Irvin Blood said that Pullman was a good hunting place. He owns three dogs. He used to go hunting after work hours, and secured an abundance of game. Two of his dogs will be trained to accompany him on his hunting trips.

It is reported that there will be a grand social gathering of mutes at Chas. Sullivan's residence in two weeks.

HEARING SPY.

CHICAGO, Oct. 4, '83.

Letter from Alabama.

Prof. Kearney, a teacher of the Mississippi Institute, was in Birmingham three weeks in the latter part of last month, on a visit to his sister, Mrs. Jas. Hardie. He is a very pleasant looking young man, and is well liked by all who have met him.

Prof. W. S. Johnson, of the Alabama Institution, contemplates a flying business trip to Birmingham at an early day.

Dr. J. H. Johnson, principal of the Alabama Institution, ventured home last week, from a trip to Old Dominion, whither he went to place his beautiful daughter in school.

The following letter was received by the writer from a deaf-mute perambulator, who was in Birmingham lately. This gives an idea how many mutes would write, when they quit school after going two or three terms, thinking they are sufficiently educated.

"My Dear Friend—I am well. I have reached—miss and visited Miss—she was very glad to see me, but she is going broke my engage. I told her why don't like me. She told me that Jackson people believe me tramp, but I never beggar and tramp. I hate beggar and tramp. She told me that Mr. (a tramp mute) tell people about me. They believe him, so do he. I tell stories and lies. I ought published about me all right. I always work hard and save my money than beggar. She told me that—told her, and me is not tramp, you better tell people. They will not believe him never work hard, and he love travel than work. He might not tell people about me. When I see him, I will whip him or fight. You must not tell him. I tell people at Jackson. They believe him and me never arrest in Tennessee, but he is tell stories. I will against him and fight with my pistol. I am nothing afraid from him; he can't beat me."

Very respectful
"Your friend,"

"P. S.—If you can please write to me to Kosciuszko, Miss."
"I will stay there and looking my

COLUMBUS.

At Rest with his father.

THE MUTE FIRE-BUG.

Miscellaneous.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Altogether, the Institution is not located in a sleepy hollow of a place and altogether there is not in this vast country a busier or a more pushing people than our corps of officers and teachers. Events during the past week have not been of such a stirring character as to fill even the dip of our humble pen.

Some idea of the growth of Columbus during the past six months may be gathered from a statement in one of our city papers. The total number of building permits issued in April May and June, was 236, the valuation of which was \$264,464; for the months of July, August and September, 398, valuation, \$424,297; total 634; valuation, \$684,761. The total number of permits last year 571, and the valuation about \$500,000.

We see by the proceedings of the American Board of Foreign Missions at Detroit, Michigan, that Columbus was chosen as the place of next year's meeting. Dr. Chaplin, President of Beloit College, who presided over the National Convention of Teachers of the Deaf and Dumb here in 1878, was selected to preach the annual sermon, with Rev. George L. Walker, of New Haven, Conn., as alternate.

Father and little son sleep in one grave. Next following the death of Mr. Corwin Butler, brother of Mrs. Carrie B. Smith, of Youngstown, O., has been the youngest of the family, a darling little boy. When the little son saw his father encased in the casket, he implored with tears those around it to raise up his dear papa and let him walk. Of course, the affectionate boy knew not what he asked. A little while, then he laid down with a fever, and rejoined his parent in the grave and in heaven.

The entire space of the Government post office site is enclosed with an eight feet board fence. Curiosity led us to peep in through a crevice which commanded a limited view. Some men were at work on the foundation.

We looked into the shoe-shop of the Institution, the other day. Every available space is taken up. More hands than can be accommodated.

At this date of writing, there lacks just two of four hundred pupils. Mrs. Anna Barnes, who has been home in Amelia, O., for the summer, has rejoined her husband at New Orleans, La. We had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Barnes and her sister Katie Swem in Cincinnati, last July. One is of an amiable, quiet demeanor, and the other ever so bright and lovely. The Institution, from which they graduated, might behold with pride the sphere in which they are fulfilling life's duties. Both ladies have been teachers in the Louisiana State Institute for the Deaf and Dumb.

The latest enumeration of the population of Columbus produces the remarkable array of figures 62,871.

The days of the three-cent stamps are over. In their place have come the two-cent ones looking and taking well. But for two or three days, the demand was greater than the supply at this Institution.

Mrs. Fannie Smithson, of Cincinnati, has returned, after having whiled away the summer months, at the seaside and in Ashbury, N. J. She will probably move to Hamilton, O., and be installed in a new home near where her brother and his family live.

There seems to be no lack of interest shown by the boys for the Reading-room. The desks might be seen any quiet evening honored with the heads of the pupils poring over the newspapers, magazines and books that lay upon them.

A telegraph which reached this Institution, last week Wednesday, recalled home to the bedside of a dying mother, one of the small boys in the Primary Department.

The notorious deaf-mute incendiary, Charles Davis, got another turn in the Dispatch of last Friday, evening as follows:

"Davis, the deaf-mute boy, continues to keep up his ululations at the City Prison, where he has been confined for several weeks. He had a change of shirts yesterday for the first time in a good while. His own people can do nothing with him, and it would seem that his case is one to be given some attention by the Board of State Charities. As a fire-bug, he is too dangerous to be at large, but should not be more other place than his present quarters be given him?"

Another rush into the country was made by our boys last Saturday afternoon, and as a reward to their toiling legs and hands, were pockets and boys well filled with chestnuts, hickory nuts, butternuts and apples.

Miss Carrie and Julia Fessenbeck, with all their people, closed up their house in Cincinnati, and went to Westwood, a suburban resort several miles from the City, and there passed the summer in taking care of the place venerated by a clergyman and his family during their absence in New York. But the cares were lost in the opportunity it gave them to enjoy the country air and scenery.

Two years ago last June, at noon, we were crossing on High Street, near State, from one side to the other. After glancing up north and down south of the street, so as to be sure of a clear track, we sped on rapidly at

the same time, relapsing in deep thoughts of business. When we were within a few steps, our august body collided with a double team, and the odds were unfair and we went over suddenly, rolling in the dust, but received no injury beyond a few slight bruises on our hands. We think we can sympathize with Mr. Robert Patterson, of this Institution, when we read an account of a similar accident, though of a more thrilling and dangerous nature, which he experienced in this city a week ago Saturday night. "He was crossing Town Street, when a horse attached to a buggy, which was being driven at a rapid rate, swooped down upon him. He was carried forward by the momentum a few feet, and then dropped right in front of the horse, which passed over him, as did the buggy, but fortunately he lay between the wheels, so they did not touch him. He was on his feet not an instant too soon, for he had just time enough to escape being run down by a second carriage, which was following close behind. A slight abrasion on one cheek, a bruised knee and a cut ear were all the damages, besides a soiled suit of clothes."

Mrs. D. F. Sam started last week for St. Louis, where she will join her husband, he having obtained steady work there.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield, of this Institution, who went to Cincinnati Wednesday of last week, have returned.

Mrs. P. P. Pratt is away from home enjoying a month's vacation, after a shut up here the whole summer.

The October crop report for Ohio places the wheat yield at 25,508,396 bushels, which is 19,705,604 less than last year. The oat crop is larger by over 8,000,000 bushels. There is a loss of 30,000,000 bushels of corn. The estimate of the potato crop is 103 per cent. of an average.

Mrs. Helen A. Rose, Matron of the Institution, was in Norwich, O., last Friday.

Ohio has voted. For the result, see the dispatches of the week.

Mr. I. Frank Patterson, the newly-appointed teacher, has not put in his appearance yet. It is said that he will be unable to come, by reason of a previous engagement for the year.

The Ohio State Penitentiary is a paying institution. The September earnings were \$20,953.15, and the expenses \$11,769.47. The net earnings for the past eleven months have been \$43,524.44.

BASE BALL NOTES.

The Columbus Club play at Portsmouth on the 12th, at Chillicothe the 13th, here with Allegheny Sunday, the 14th, and at Toledo the 16th. The club will disband for the winter after the Toledo game.

The games at Evansville on the 2d and 3d resulted in favor of Columbus. The game on the second standing 4 to 1, Mountain and Straub being the Columbus battery, and that of the 3d, 13 to 5 in seven innings. Dundon and Kemmler doing the pitching and catching.

It has been reported that Manager Phillips is contemplating taking the Columbus club South this winter and playing at New Orleans. This being only a rumor, and Mr. Phillips out of town, nothing definite could be learned.

During the present trip west, Kuhne is playing second and Mann third base, and Dundon middle field.

The game of Toledo well decide whether Columbus or Toledo is champion of the State. Both clubs have won two games of the series, and an interesting game may be looked for on this occasion (the 16th), as they will probably bring out the full strength of the clubs.

Dundon, unless his services are wanted in the south for the winter, will return to work in the Book-binding of this Institution.

Report of clearings of the Columbus Clearing House for the week ending October 6, 1883, shows a total of \$1,453,398. Corresponding week last year \$1,164,421.

Mr. Jen Hoagland, of Cincinnati, accompanied by his nephew, Wm Blount, took a pleasure excursion train on Sunday, two weeks ago, to Lexington, Ky., his old home, where they made a visit to relatives and friends.

Mr. Anderson and his wife, nee Susie Oster, have moved back to Highlands, Ky., just back of Newport, from Evansville, Ind., where they had resided since their wedding day. They will live with his wife's aged parents and take care of their farm.

The mother of Miss Mary Woolley, of Pleasant Ridge, O., surprised her daughter with a party on the sixth day of last September in honor of her birthday. Six or seven mutes from Cincinnati were able to be present and participate in the festivities of the happy occasion.

Mrs. Adelaide J. Vance, of Cincinnati, was the guest of Miss Katie Swem and her sister, Mrs. Barnes, at Amelia, Ohio, last August. It was a very fortunate escape from the heat and dust of the city in addition to the splendid time she passed with her friends in the country.

Among those who witnessed the Exposition parade at Cincinnati, was Mr. Amos Eldridge, of Springfield, O. His purpose was a double one. The other was to bring his wife home from a visit among friends out of the Queen City in a certain suburb.

Miss Ida M. Wood has returned to her place in the Bookbinding. She came up last Saturday from Cincinnati, accompanied by her brother, Principal Wood, of the Prof. Deaf-Mute School of that city. Prof. Wood went back on the Sunday afternoon train.

Miss Alice B. Kinsman, daughter Dr. Kinsman, State Physician for this

Institution, was married last week on Wednesday afternoon, to Dr. George M. Waters, and, after the ceremony, the young couple started for New York City.

Mr. A. B. Greener resides on East Main street. They have not moved from their old quarters. It is only the name of the street that has been changed from Friend to Main.

Mr. James Dolan, of Rhode Island and Mr. Pedigee, formerly of North Carolina, stopped in Columbus long enough to spend the Sabbath day and a part of Monday. They visited the Institution, and then made a call on an old acquaintance of theirs, Mrs. McGinness, who has recently come back home from Cleveland, O.

A preliminary formation of a fire company, comprised of nine of the large boys of this school, has been effected. Nothing like an effective and permanent organization is looked for until our Board of Trustees can take hold of the matter.

A certain graduate of this school, living in the city, whose name we withhold for the present, has purchased a set of books for himself to prepare for the Deaf-Mute College at Washington, which he hopes to enter at the commencement of next year's term.

Prof. C. N. Haskins, of this Institution, at the request of a number of students of the Capital City University, Columbus, has been giving lessons in the sign-language evenings, three times a week. His services in these times are engaged for the winter.

A letter has been received from F. C. Sessions, Esq., Trustee, in which he stated that he would leave Europe October 4th, for home.

NUMBER FIFTY-SIX.

OUR "MAN-ABOUT-TOWN."

I am here. This is apparent to the reader. I am here to stay. This will eventually be apparent. It is a "heap of pleasure" to be back, and to drop that odious out-of-town portion of our *nom-de-plume*.

The Gallaudet Club held its regular monthly meeting last Wednesday evening. A little mistake occurred on the part of the Secretary, and as evidence of their fidelity to the club, fourteen out of the eighteen members responded to the "false alarm." However, they all appeared the next evening, and things passed off smoothly. Messrs. Fox, (Chairman), Froehlich and Thomson, were appointed a committee to revise the Constitution and By-laws. Mr. Froehlich was Chairman *pro tem*, owing to the absence of the President.

The Manhattan Literary Association is doing all in its power to make the "literary season" pass of pleasant one, and as the most of the affairs are free to the public, the public should support them by its attendance. Come now, you mutes of New York City, turn out on Thursday evenings, and visit the association's room, and you will leave edified, and perhaps instructed. Last Thursday evening was a business meeting. This evening, Mr. Edwin A. Hodgson will lecture—Subject, "A trip to Europe."

October 18th, a debate on the subject:—"Are banks more beneficial than injurious to a community?" John P. Jams and S. M. Brown for the affirmative. Lewis Lowenstein and John Hogan for the negative. Messrs. Campbell (aff.) and Cornelius (neg.) substitutes.

A declamation by John Wilkinson, and an essay by Alex. L. Pach, will "wind up."

October 25th, a lecture will be given, lecturer and subject to be announced later.

On November 1st, the usual business meeting will be held.

The 8th of November, another debate, subject:—"Which is more certain to a successful career, character or reputation?" Character will be upheld by Charles O'Brien and Alex. L. Pach, and reputation maintained by T. A. Froehlich and George L. Reynolds. Henry Frey and Fred Hoffman will be the alternates.

An essay by Mr. Froehlich and a declamation by Mr. Godfrey will conclude the evening's entertainment.

Mr. Charles W. Van Tassel will lecture on November 15th. Subject announced later.

November 22d or 29th, the time-tried question "Is youth a more happy period than old age?" will go through the mill." Messrs. Lowenstein and Cornelius arguing that it is, while Messrs. Campbell and Basch will stick out for the "tain't" side. Messrs. Alexander and Haar, substitutes. Mr. C. O'Brien will deliver an essay, and Mr. Brown will declaim.

Mrs. Rhoda Barnard of Boston, was at a recent meeting of the Manhattan Literary Association, and by request signed a very pretty piece, which was heartily applauded.

James F. Donnelly makes himself scarce from his old haunts.

Mr. Jacques Loew has added a few more gifts to the Gallaudet Club room (the new implements are similar to the others, being made in the "plush-satin" style) an elegant box, made in the shape of an album is among them, and is intended as a receptacle for *menu* cards, etc.

Lee W. Bailey, who has been summing at Wellisboro, Pa., intends to return to town about the 15th inst.

A prominent mute of this city will be married in December.

Mr. Charles O'Brien and his assistants, Messrs. Campbell and Jams, of the Manhattan Literary Association's Ball Committee, having applied for a secretary to assist in their arrangements, President Wilkinson appointed Mr. A. L. Pach as their secretary.

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

JACKSONVILLE JOTS.

We have to shed a tear or two over the fate of the Chicago in the base ball championship contest. This time the laurel wreath of victory adorns the brows of those who were not expected to win it. The Bostonians deserved their victory in this one of the most exciting seasons in the annals of base ball. Honest work did the business.

The base ball season in our Institution is not over yet. Our boys, who style themselves in the Athletics, organized anew shortly after the opening of school. The Athletics played through the last session without receiving a single defeat. In nearly every contest they won by a large majority. This year five of last year's players left an aching void to be filled with raw recruits. Three of these, Messrs. Slusser, Gronsberg and Strocker have graduated, and the other two, Messrs. Feldman and Koenig have "quintaned." They were all very fine players, and will be sadly missed this year. There is hope that Mr. Feldman will come and take charge of his old post, second base.

The club elected Lawrence James, Captain. On Saturday, Sept. 29th, the Athletics had their old opponents, the Illinois College nine, to grapple with. They presented the following players:—Frank Spalding, Catcher; John Mills, First Base; Thomas Hartford, Second Base; Frank Gerber, Third Base; Frank Gearhart, Short Stop; Elmer Stuart, Right Field; Oscar Breaton, Centre Field; Fred Stephens, Left Field; Lawrence James, Pitcher. The game resulted in a victory for the College boys for the first time since the flood. The score was 21 to 12. The Athletics were but poorly prepared to play. Their pitcher had a lame arm, and was not on his mettle. The catcher who remembered that Slusser never wore a mask behind the bat, thought it was just as easy for him to do likewise. A foul tip on his eye in the first inning, astonished him just a little. Hartford, gape of the new players, proved a terror with the stick. He hit safely every time he came to the bat. He also covered second base in fine style. The "old guard" of the Athletics played almost faultlessly, but the outfielders and third baseman made numerous errors which led in runs after chances had been given to put the other side out. As an excuse for them, it must be said that, instead of practising, they had been busy putting their grounds in condition to play. They are rattled over their defeat, and are vowing to have vengeance next Saturday, when they will play again.

Among the changes that have been made in our buildings, is the re-modelling of our reception rooms. The glass case filled with stuffed birds has been removed from the reception room, and placed on a landing of the stairs leading to the chapel in the school building. Sometimes those who walk up those stairs, have their pious meditations suddenly disturbed by visions of Towzers and Shot-guns. The entrance to the school building is now sentinelled by two plaster busts, one of Dr. Gillett and the other of the late Prof. Selah Wait. They are both wonderfully correct likenesses of the originals. They were made by John M. Stout, a graduate of our Institution. He was a student in the department, and while there displayed considerable talent in the handling of the pencil and the brush. On leaving school he opened a studio at home in Ripley, Ill. He was proceeding to make portrait drawing and painting his profession. Somehow he got a hankering after something he could feel all around as well as look at. Last January he began to explore the mysteries of making-plaster casts. First, he tried his hand at making a bas relief of Dr. Gillett. Succeeding very well in this, he next tried to make a bust of his old superintendent. He next made a bust of Prof. Wait. These were finished in July, and placed on exhibition in a window in the city. They were greatly admired for their correctness of likeness, especially that of Prof. Wait, which was made with the aid of a photograph and the artist's recollection of his appearance during life.

We very much regret to write that Mr. Laforest Manter is obliged to leave this city for the benefit of his health. He goes to Eureka Springs, Arkansas. We hope he will receive benefit by the change.

Messrs. Alva Jeffords and H. S. Darnielle were here last week. They and Misses Ellen Berry and Lavinia Eden are members of the committee at work collecting a fund to erect a memorial in honor of Prof. Wait.

They held a meeting in the Institution parlor. Mrs. Raffleington, of Chicago, who was on the committee, tendered her resignation, which was accepted. Her place has not yet been filled. Mr. Jeffords was elected treasurer of the memorial funds, and he gave bonds to the amount of \$500 which is the amount sought to be collected. More than half that sum has come in during the first year of the collection. The committee were empowered to appoint special agents to assist in collecting.

In my last letter I stated that the total number of arrivals on the first day of the school session was 425. There were 450 arrivals on the first. This year is remarkable for the large number of pupils who have returned to school after one or two years' absence. This causes a good deal of inconvenience in the classification. It is a bad plan to follow.

Oct. 2, '83. D. W. G.

Take the JOURNAL. \$1.50 a Year.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

Sporting Notes.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

Miscellaneous.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

During the past week, fall pastimes were the principal themes of interest among the students, and active manifestations of the same were not wanting. Every fair day the Campus presented quite a lively appearance. On the eastern half, fronting the college, foot ball was the favorite amusement. Students might be seen during recreation hours punting and tossing the "egg" in all directions, each vying to out-do the other in the display of leg muscle. Base ball is about played out, for we have not seen bat or ball in the hands of the most enthusiastic lover of the game since College opened. The western end of the campus along Faculty Row is allotted to the Kendall Tennis Club, and Messrs. Angell and Chickering of the other crack players of the club practice daily, so as to be up to the mark in the approaching tournament of the District League. The Vespers are impatiently waiting the arrival of their outfit, which will probably come during the latter part of the week. They will have their courts near the gymnasium, and will begin play next week.

The Kendall Foot Ball Club was reorganized on Friday, with B. R. Alabough, '84, as President, Chas. Kerney, '85, Vice-President, and S. G. Davidson, '85, Secretary and Treasurer. The regular eleven for the season has not yet been formed, but it will probably be composed of the same men as last year. Mr. Chickering will captain the team, while Mr. Angell will be one of the half-backs. Altogether, there is good material for a heavy team, and in this sport at least Old Kendall has good hope of winning the laurel from the District Eleveens, as it did last year.

The Hare and Hounds Club has also reorganized, and we may look for several exciting paper chases during the next few weeks.

The bicycle races at Athletic Park were the chief topic of conversation during the later part of the week. The wheelmen of the Green, of course, attended them *en masse*. Keen, the English professional rider, won Thursday's race, much to the disgust of the students, but the next day Fortune's wheel veered round in favor of Prince, our favorite.

Profs. Fay and Hotchkiss are joint owners of a fine Victor trieycle. Dr. Fay uses the machine during the day time, while Prof. Hotchkiss rides it during his nocturnal peregrinations, as it is much less liable to "headers" in the dark than a two-wheeler.

The Lit. has finally been put in working order for the term. At the meeting on Saturday the following officers were elected: B. R. Alabough '84, President; C. Kerney, '85, Vice-President; P. J. Hasenstet, '85, Secretary; N. F. Morrow, '85, Treasurer; J. H. Dundon, '86, Librarian; and F. W. Robinson, '84, Critic. The first literary meeting will come off Friday after next, and the indications are that an interesting programme may be expected. The society library now contains over 250 volumes of choice reading, and about 75 essays written by members. The Committee on books will be in active service during the next week, and as the finances are in a prosperous condition, it will not be very long before the society owns its three hundredth volume.

A lawn tennis tournament is to come off on the Green next Saturday. About half a dozen clubs will participate, and possibly the contests will be more exciting than those of the last meet. Messrs. Angell and Chickering will represent the Kendalls. They have been practising constantly during the last two weeks, and are determined to get even with their victors in the May tournament.

Mr. Wight, the jolly clerk of the college, left for Cincinnati on Friday, with a most important object in view. He will return next week, and that too with a bonnie young bride.

The rickety old steps leading to the railroad crossing on Seventh St., which for so long a time been an impediment rather than an aid to pedestrians going to and from the college, have been removed and replaced by new ones twice as broad of solid planking. A plank way has also been laid over the spaces between the tracks, and one need now no longer gingerly weigh each step he makes in going over.

The Class of '84 has adopted "More Beyond" as its motto. '84 will thus be the first class in the college to select an English motto. *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

The cool chilly weather during the last few days necessitated the use of the heating apparatus. The old sheet iron Golding radiators have been replaced by more efficient ones in the halls and some of the rooms, much to the comfort of all concerned.

Mac Nickens, the colored night-watchman of the sewer, has accepted the position of fireman in the college, and will enter upon his new duties during the week. Janitor Colvin, who, in addition to his ordinary work as college famulus, has hitherto attended to the heating apparatus, will thus be relieved of this portion

of his onerous duties.

Dr. Gallaudet's wife and daughters have returned from their summer sojourn in Connecticut.

Prof. Draper and family are now comfortably settled in their new cottage.

The swimming pool will hereafter be open only on Tuesdays and Fridays, when the water will be warmed. Mr. Haas, '84, is under treatment for sore eyes and will probably have to wear spectacles.

Mr. Kiesel is now domiciled in No. 36 in the old college building. No. 23 has been handsomely papered during the week.

The boys know that there's "a chiel among them taking notes." Yes, but who is that chiel?

HARRY FIELDING.

Oct. 8 '83.

East Indiana Rakings.

On Sunday August 26th, Amos French and family were in Hartford City. They stopped at John Skinner's, for dinner, while on their way to Alexandria, which place the parents of Mrs. French reside. They left the latter place in the afternoon, for the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edmond S. Leach, of Fairmount, to stop over for the night, but were disappointed because the Leaches had gone to Alexandria, to pay their respects to the parents of Mrs. Leach. In the evening, as Mr. French was driving on the Anderson and Marion Grand road, he met Mr. and Mrs. Leach, who were on their way home. They were very much astonished at the meeting. They were very glad to see them. Mr. French and family arrived at Alexandria that evening to spend two days' visit with their parents. They made the Free family a friendly call. On August 29th, they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Leach. They left the next day for home.

Matthias Heck, formerly of the firm of Richards and Heck, the shoemakers of South Whitley, sold out his interest in the Shoemaking line to Byron A. Richards recently.

On September 5th, Mr. Heck was a guest of Amos French for a week. He will visit his mute friends in Frankfort and Franklin, Ind., and then will go to Madison, where he has a father and brother. He may get a situation at Madison.

Geo. W. Butcher says he was in Indianapolis on the first of September, to visit his sister.

Peter R. Butcher who has been working in the factory of Portland, has returned home.

Mr. G. W. Butcher, and brother complain of the failure of the corn crop, they now wish to sell out a forty-acre farm, and contemplate moving to town.

David S. Eis, who has been visiting his father at Columbus, O., last August, returned home on the first of September with his sister Mrs. John W. Shephard, who is a widow. Madame Rumor says he is deeply interested in Miss Emma Barnes, of Glenfield, Ohio.

David W. Woods, of Mount Zion, contemplates selling his farm.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Leach expect to spend a few weeks with Amos French and his family, some time before the coming winter.

DETECTIVE FRANCAISE.

Oct. 5, '83.

Wedding in Baltimore.

On the 30th of September, it was an eventful day among the mutes of Baltimore. Mr. Henry O. Nicol and Miss Mary Zimmer, two of our well-known mutes, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony. The ceremony was performed at the bride's residence, by Rev. Mr. Bachman, of the Reformed Church, Mr. Chas. Damm acting as interpreter. There was a gathering of the fashionable mutes to witness the interesting affair.

The company indulged in many pleasant games, and justly partook of the elegant viands that were spread on the tables.

Mr. and Mrs. Nicol were the recipients of many valuable and useful presents. They have settled down to housekeeping.

The groom is a very popular young man of our city, and is a first class laster in one of the large shoe factories.

Among those present were Chas. E. Stewart, Isaac Kaufman, the two ex-students of the Deaf-Mute College at Washington City; Wm. McElroy, J. M. Mooney, Thos. Sprague, James Moylan, J. A. Brandlick, Mr. and Mrs. Amos, Edward Ramsay, Harry Gill, David Riley, Mrs. Helena Winn, the sister of the bridegroom, Misses G. E. Pritchard, Kate Bruck, Lizzie Fisher, Hennie Wicks, Jane Pimes, Louisa Stadelmeier, and many others too numerous to mention.

There are three more weddings on the crisis in our deaf-mute circle. Their names will be made known through the columns of the JOURNAL in the near future.

Mr. J. H. Brandlick's brother Frank who used to keep a large grocery store, died on the 12th of Sept. He was well-known among the mutes. For the benefit of the St. Louis correspondent, Mr. Brandlick's address is at No. 67 S. Wolfe St., in care of H. O. Nicol. BALTIMOREAN.

Death of Michael Whalen at Perry.

Michael Whalen, the deaf-mute, who, on the 15th inst., took the ninety-four feet tumble from the roof of the Perry Knitting mills, and has lingered along until this time, died this morning. He made a heroic struggle to live, but failed.—Rocheester, N. Y., Post Express, Sept. 24.

Charles Cooper and John B. Newcomb took an excursion to Buffalo on Sunday September 30th. They had a pleasant time.

The Chicago Mute Circle.

On the 19th ultimo, the Mute Circle met at Farwell Hall Building. The mutes tried hard to get to this meeting through the immense crowds awaiting chances to get in the Farwell Hall to attend the evangelistic combined service lately conducted by Moody and Sankey before they left for Ireland. The number of all who were present was thirty-five, to hear an hour's lecture on "Modern Agriculture" delivered by Lars M. Larson. He explained that agriculture holds the chief place among the arts of civilized life, it furnished all needed materials for our food, clothing and shelter, and it gave abundant employment to navigation, commerce, manufactures and other industries. He showed the contrast between ancient and modern agriculture in the use of tools and implements employed in farming pursuits, and he said that modern agriculture had been advancing on under more and more favorable conditions, and also gave special attention to tobacco, cotton, sugar and fruit culture, and still to improving the breed of useful animals. He stated that the interest of agriculture in our country had been much advanced by the facilities of transportation afforded by railroads, canals and navigation, and that America was now considered the greatest garden of the civilized world, and many who had labored on the farms, ranked themselves among the persons of political, literary and educational renown. At last he declared that farming was the best, safest and surest business for deaf-mutes in the world. After the lecture was over, Ed. P. Holmes related the homestead, pre-emption and timber-culture laws, and the right and easy ways of acquiring free lands in the far northwest of the Union. Then the Circle adjourned to have a social time till the certain hour of departure for home.

On the 3d instant, the Mute Circle held a regular meeting of thirty-five silent souls in the literary room at the Young Men's Christian Association Building, to listen to a lecture by Ed. P. Holmes, on an adventure of two men, which occurred in midwinter at Hudson Bay, in British America. His story on this adventure was very interesting, and it pleased the listeners. He told of the peculiar manners and actions in how they saved their lives. The Circle adjourned after a social time.

Lars Larson will address the Mute Circle on "Evils of Infidelity" next Sunday.

Prof. P. A. Emery will probably lecture to the Circle, Oct. 17th.

The Mute Circle, when managed by those mutes who were members of the Chicago Young Men's Christian Association, has been very successful and harmonious. The members held a meeting at L. M. Larson's parlors to choose its own officers last June. They elected Wm. Gibney, chairman; L. M. Larson, Secretary, and John R. Cotton, Treasurer, whose terms expired last Saturday. By this time eight mutes have joined the Young Men's Christian Association, of Chicago, and they held a meeting last Saturday at John Cotton's residence, to choose officers to manage the Circle. They elected E. P. Holmes, Chairman; L. M. Larson, Secretary, and J. R. Cotton, Treasurer, who will hold their respective offices till next April.

The Mute Circle will commence to hold monthly soirees after this month. Messrs. Jas. Gibney, G. A. Christenson and Lars M. Larson were appointed to execute such affairs as they can do best for the soirees. There will be a grand Thanksgiving Soiree of the Circle at John Cotton's house next month.

The Circle will give another Grand Levee this winter. A Committee consisting of Messrs. G. A. Christenson, W. Gibney, J. Cotton, L. M. Larson and Matt. Mullen, and Misses N. Spalding and A. Leff, will begin making preparations for the coming Levee, which will take place on the evening of the 27

FANWOOD.

The Literary Society Elects its Officers.

EXCITEMENT AMONG THE HIGH CLASS GIRLS.

Here and There.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

City politicians might have taken many a lesson in political maneuverings from the pupils during the past week. The annual election of officers of that ancient and respectable organization known as the Fanwood Literary Association, invariably produces excitement among the boys and girls. After school and work hours for the past few days, the boys were seen in groups here and there, eagerly discussing the to them, important event, and by Saturday evening their spirits were worked up to the regulation election pitch.

After a few remarks by President Reeves, at the opening of the meeting at seven o'clock, candidates for the Presidency were put forward—viz., W. G. Jones, T. F. Fox, F. R. Stryker. Mr. Fox secured the greater number of votes, and was declared President. The rest of the ticket elected was as follows: First Vice-President, Walter L. Bingham; 2d Vice-President, G. S. Porter; Secretary, W. G. Shanks; Treasurer, W. G. Jones; Librarian, E. H. Currier; Directors, Edwin Allan Hodgson, Henry Dennis Reeves, Chester Quincy Mann, James Bird Lloyd, Arthur Lincoln Thomas.

After the stereotyped vote of thanks to the retiring officers, it was moved that the monthly stereotyped lectures be dispensed with, and the evenings allotted for that purpose devoted to debates. The majority were in favor of continuing these monthly treats, but it was decided to put the matter in the hands of the Executive Committee for decision. Adjourned.

The fair lady members of the High Class have been walking on hot irons, as it were, for the past week, and their excitement is pitiful to behold. The cause is the organization of a secret society (Nihilist principles, we presume), and blue ribbons, with the initials "T. J. C.," scrawled on them, were in serene composure from their persons. The object of the society is a secret, and the strong minded (Ahem) females vow that it shall remain so. We will wager an ancient suspender buckle that those girls can not keep it secret a month. We never heard of a Fanwood girl who could keep a secret, and never expect to. We interpret "T. J. C." as "The Jawing Club," and someone has been heartless enough to say that the name is exquisitely appropriate. The boys affirm that George Decker is President, and Emily Wells Secretary. If "Grace H." was Treasurer, what a high old time they would have chewing gum. We wish the girls every success in their super-human endeavors to keep a secret. We shall see how long they can hold out.

PUBLIC COMMENT.

Sh-death, here comes a "T. J. C."! Hist! ah, she hath passed. All's well.

"In Silence there's Life," is the motto. (Hoo-rah).

INSTITUTION BRIEFS.

Miss Prudence Lewis, accompanied by Miss Annie Bryan, visited Mr. Jacques Loew's factory Thursday last. Miss Lewis was recently presented with a handsome Imperial photograph of self by Mr. Loew. He visited the Institution on Sunday.

Miss Emma Mann, sister of Miss Mollie Mann, of Cincinnati, O., called on Sunday.

Mr. Charles E. Stocking, of Utica, N. Y., a graduate of '76 or thereabouts, was here on Thursday. He wields the goose as a means of livelihood.

Miss Annie C. Bryan, Class of '83, has been appointed a supervisor at the New Jersey Institution, and left here, where she had remained since her graduation, on Saturday last. Her numerous friends were pained to say farewell, but all join in the wish for her success and prosperity.

Rev. Job Turner took breakfast at the Institution one morning last week. All were glad to see the "deaf-mutes' friend."

"Beau" Barnes was entertained here for a short time by a lady friend one evening last week. He walked home with his head thrown farther back and with a more sprightly step than is usual with him.

That steam engine still throbs in the room of Supervisors Howell and Stowell. It is about time for an inspector to examine the boiler. The old bachelor utensils in the room demand it.

Mr. Van Wagenen, all the way from Dunkirk, made George T. Fisher's heart happy by a visit Sunday last.

"Take it up tenderly,
Lift it with care,
Fashioned so slenderly—
Young and so fair."

The above is an obituary duet in memoriam of Supervisor Howell's deceased monstache.

Miss Prudence Lewis, Miss Myra Laduzen Barrager, Theodore Lounsbury and Hank Valentine, attended services at St. Ann's on Sunday.

W. Best Magill, Esq., was a 7th inst. caller. Wm. Eltrich was also

on the grounds near nightfall of the same day.

A lady friend of Miss Mitchell was her guest the fore part of the week.

The Gallaudet Club is booming. Applications for membership are received almost daily. It is the biggest thing New York deaf mutes ever had, and is bound to last.

Chestnuts are growing scarce in the vicinity of the Institution. Frequent and mysterious raids by the small boy no doubt accounts for this state of affairs. At nine o'clock each evening, the floor of the sitting room presents a dazzling sight with its cart-loads of shucks.

The *Advance* steals a large number of its "gleanings" from our letters every week. We don't want credit ourselves, but the editor (?) might have the courtesy to credit the JOURNAL. We would strangle ourselves with a barrel stove before we would conduct a newspaper in such a jackal fashion.

Mr. Shotwell, of the garden department, is as mad as a wet hen. He says "them scalawags" of boys hook nearly all of the finest pears, as well as lighten the grape vines of their fruit. The Professor don't take into consideration that boys' stomachs are fearfully and wonderfully made.

The old girl, "Evangeline," will soon be enveloped in swaddling cloth for the winter.

Herr Gerloff, a student of Strasburg, has paddled his own canoe from the source of the Rhine to Vienna.—*Telegram, Oct. 6.* The gentleman is a cousin of Mr. Gerloff, Professor of our boys' Sleeping School.

CHIEF.

An Interesting Letter

BALTIMORE, Md.,
September 30, 1893.

MY DEAR MR. HODGSON:—Yesterday I called on Wm. R. Barry Esq., one of the Directors of the Maryland Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Frederick City, the silent members of which have a true friend and a faithful protector in him, he having a deep interest in their intellectual and spiritual welfare. I learn from the best authority that he is anxious that every deaf-mute Marylander of school age should be sent at once to the temple of knowledge, built for their benefit. A good number of your readers know that he has a very interesting deaf-mute daughter, who is one of the teachers. In the afternoon, Mr. James S. Wells and I made a pilgrimage to the resting place of Samuel A. Adams, a deaf and dumb missionary, in St. Paul's cemetery, the oldest in this city. Over his grave is erected a white marble tablet of good quality, on which is inscribed as follows:

IN MEMORY OF
SAMUEL A. ADAMS,
BORN IN EASTON, MD.,
DIED IN BALTIMORE
14th December, 1873,
Aged 53 years.

He was a deaf-mute and lay reader to deaf-mutes in Grace Church. I believe I can safely say that he was the first deaf-mute missionary in the United States. His successor is Mr. Wells. The other day I met one of the most respectable citizens of Baltimore, and he spoke to me favorably of him and his good mission work among deaf-mutes. The deaf-mutes of this city, who listened to his sign preaching, still cherish his memory with reverence. A good man, a faithful worker and a true christian he was.

Mr. Wells and I passed in sight of St. Agnes' Hospital, where Mr. Jamieson, a deaf-mute, expired. I do not know much of his life, except that he was educated at Philadelphia. I sometimes met him while he was employed at the United States Armory, at Harpers Ferry, Va., before it was burnt to the ground. Mr. James Fisher, a teacher in the Georgia Institution was with him then.

We entered the London Park cemetery, a very beautiful one.

Mr. Wells showed me the grave of his deaf-mute wife. She sleeps sweetly in the city of the dead.

I had service this afternoon, before a good sized deaf-mute audience, for the first time in several months.

I leave to-night for Staunton, Va., to get a mail which has been awaiting my arrival about a week, and soon afterwards for Nashua N. H., to be present at the sittings of the Granite State Mission. The Philadelphia conference being put off to Oct. 14th, I have had to postpone my holding service at Portland, Me., till further notice.

Yours sincerely,
JOB TURNER.

From Michigan.

MR. EDITOR, AND READERS OF THE JOURNAL:—I will take up my pen and address a few lines to you about my visit to Detroit.

On the 19th of September, I took the east bound train at midnight, arriving at my destination at about eight o'clock a.m. Stepping out of the cars, I felt like a stranger in a strange city, as twenty-eight years had passed since my last visit to Detroit. Having a few friends of yore olden time living in the city, I stepped into the first hotel to ascertain on what street I should find them. Having found the address, I took the street cars for the residence of Mr. Marcus H. Kerr, and found him absent from home; but Mrs. Kerr and her aged mother recognized me immediately, although they had not seen me for eight years. They kindly entertained me, and gave me introductions to several of Detroit's most respectable deaf-mutes.

Mr. English Robinson, late of the Indiana Institution, took me by the arm and led me into some of the prominent streets to show some of the beautiful buildings. I saw the fine residence of the late ex-Governor Bagley, who was one of the deaf-mutes kind benefactors. From there, we wended our way to the City Hall, a very fine structure, which cost \$600,000. We went up several flights of stairs until the tower was reached, and were rewarded with a birds-eye view of the whole city, and Detroit River, dotted with innumerable vessels, and as it was near evening, we remained in the tower to see the city illuminated with electric lights and gas. It was a very beautiful sight, and so I turned away with regret, but so it is with all things that we meet which gives us pleasure—we must bid them one and all adieu.

In the evening, Mr. Hunt invited me to accompany him to the rooms of Mr. Kolhoff, where the Starlight Club holds its meetings. I met with several mutes, and had a very pleasant chat with Mr. John Grimm, a graduate of the New York Institution. He has a son about fourteen years old, attending the Michigan School.

On the 20th of September, Mr. Colby, of Detroit, Mr. Ansbrow, of Flint, and the writer, took a Woodward Avenue car for the Fair ground. Arriving there, the rain commenced to fall, but that did not cause the crowd to disperse; but I lost my new-found friends, and did not meet them again until the following morning. I met Mr. Germer, of Flint, and Mr. Perry, of Detroit, and we went to the Detroit Art Loan Exhibition, now located in the centre of the city. There are many beautiful paintings in oil, valued all the way up from \$5,000 to \$20,000. Some are very aged. It would take a person from four to five days to see everything of interest there.

On the following morning, I bade adieu to Detroit and all her pleasant associations, and boarded a train for Flint, where I visited my daughter, Amelia, who is attending the Institute. The principal, Mr. Gass, and he is also Superintendent of the County Schools, is a very pleasant gentleman, and takes interest in the welfare of the pupils, who number 245. I remained at the Institution over the Sabbath, and was kindly entertained by officers and teachers. Monday, I bade them all farewell, and took the West bound train for home, found family all well and business prosperous.

ROBT. F. CLARK.

NEW YORK.

While reading a late issue of the JOURNAL, we came across an item recounting a pleasant party crossing the river in the "old-bath tub, Evangeline."

Memory went to work and brought up the good old times when we, too, took such excursions. One of these has probably never been in print, and as all who figured in the scene are now scattered far and wide, it is worth telling—if only for old times.

In the "good old times" at Fanwood, when the old and ever-famous Hudson Base Ball nine swept around the vicinity of the Institution like a Western cyclone, defeating the French Institution nine, etc., they looked for other nines to conquer.

Over at Pleasant Valley, N. J., there was a nine who styled themselves the "Burlesque B. B. C.," we think. Pleasant Valley is on the opposite shore of the Hudson from the Institution. This nine, after beating all the "clod-hoppers" in their vicinity, got up and howled, proclaiming themselves the champions of the Hudson River. This news in due time was wafted to the ears of Prof. Nelson, (now Principal of the Rome Institution) who was captain and catcher of the "Hudsons."

He recounted the news to the club. The club thought the "Burlesques" "too previous." A challenge was the result. The "Burlesques" were confident of victory—so were the "Hudsons." The Saturday arranged for the match was clear and bright—as far as we can see back, for this occurred in 1876. The whole male portion of the Institution contemplated attending, as did all the sports of the staid and ancient portion of New York City in the vicinity of the Institution.

Row boats were at a premium, but by careful stowing, all got over safely. The "Hudsons" were to cross in "regal splendor" in the old staunch "Evangeline," and as it was fashionable to be late, they started at 2 o'clock, the time the game was to be called. There was fully twenty persons in the boat when it went over, and as the water was smooth the two mile pull was made in safety.

Arriving, an immense crowd was found. The "Burlesques" were beginning to think the "Hudsons" had backed out, but when they came swagging into the field clad in the regulation base ball style, they began to feel blue.

The players took their positions, with Michael McFall, the king of pitchers, as ball tosser. Prof. Nelson was behind the bat. Thos. Heydon, at first base; Wm. Best Magill, the shortstop; Wm. Emmons, Ed. Heller, C. Lawton, C. S. Doane and J. H. Dobbs were scattered over the field.

The "Burlesques" had to give up their position as champions. They were knocked clean off their legs, and indeed beaten so badly that we never heard of them again.

The game closed at 6 p.m. During that time a high wind had risen. The river which had been so calm, was now covered with white caps—immense waves went slowly floating by. The non-swimmers and timid ones began to wish they had staid at home.

How the other boats got over safely

we leave the reader, and those who were in them to conjecture, we will look after the "Evangeline." The "twenty" who came over were crowded in again. Some were silent. Some looked pale and smiled sickly. But at last they were off with the tiller-ropes in the hands of Johnny Hogan. The water was nearly level with the boat, and the one who called attention to it, was "beau" Shotwell. All went well till half way over. Just then the old "Mary Powell" came along—a tremendous wave came along, too, filling the boat up to the seats. Several turned pale. Stephen Sinclair wanted to jump out and swim the rest of the way, but was persuaded to retain his place at the oar. Another flopped down on his knees close by Stephen and began to pray. Stephen got mad, and the "prayer" was in the way, and there being no time to explain that praying was "out of order," and knowing talk would be wasted, the "flopper" was gently clubbed over the head with an oar, and laid to rest in the bottom of the boat, Johnny Hogan got excited as his new white pants were receiving a beautiful ducking, as there was to be a social reunion that evening. W. F. Howell, now supervisor at Fanwood, stuck to his work, giving the dry ones an occasional shower bath with his oar. An hour's hard, miserable work, landed the boat at the dock.

The crowd were in no condition to cheer. They did not attend the social reunion. They wandered around till bed time in their damp tights.

The next day there was a stiff crowd in Fanwood. This game was one of the most memorable contests of the "Hudsons," and was the talk for many a long day after. The fellow that prayed is now settled down and married, and lives up the Hudson. If you want to know who he is, ask any of the members of the old "Hudsons."

This incident seems to have given her the title of the "old bath tub." Long may she skip over the waves, filled with merry pleasure seekers. May she carry the same jolly crowds as in the days gone by. May she never strike a rock. May she never be run down by a steamer. May she never be grumbled at, again at the annual transportation to the front piazza. May she outlive all the young members now at the Institution. Ta! Ta! old lady.

The lecture at the Manhattan Literary Association this evening will be delivered by Mr. E. A. Hodgson. A large attendance is expected.

Yesterday, the Catholic Literary Union tackled the question: "Should females have the same educational advantages as males?" Both sides were ably supported by men of sterling merit, who fought hard for their side. The negative side won. Poor girls!

Mr. Donnelly is to lecture next Wednesday evening, the 17th inst., before the Catholic Union. Probably his subject will be "Distinguished People," and will consist of biographical sketches, each of about ten minutes duration, of Jay Gould, Bret Harte, James G. Blaine, C. A. Dana, John Sherman, Robert Ingersoll, and others.

Last Sunday, services were held at St. Ann's at 10.30 by Rev. Mr. Krans, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet interpreting. Holy Communion was also partaken of. The day was the 31st Anniversary of the Founding of the church, which took place October 7th, 1852.

Charles O'Brien, the Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements for the coming Levee of the Manhattan Literary Association, says that tickets for that event will be issued shortly.

Bristol County, Mass.

Last April Mr. Frank Duprez, a deaf-mute native of Canada, and a weaver by occupation, left Fall River, where he had been at work for a period of six months or more, and went to Lowell, hoping to find better inducements. In that he was sorely disappointed, for, on an average he earned about \$1.50 per week less in that city than in Fall River. He staid there about four months and then went to Lawrence, Mass., and if Lowell was lower still, for, although he remained there two weeks, he only made \$5.60 the second week. Utterly disgusted he returned to Fall River about two weeks ago, and is now making on an average \$10.20 per week. He unhesitatingly asserts that Fall River is the best place that he ever worked at, and he advises all mutes, who are weavers, to come and see for themselves. Seeing is believing, and if you are an able weaver and cannot earn \$10 per week, he will pay your fare back where you came from.

Mr. Samuel Wilkinson is in a very prosperous condition just now. He and his brother, of Maine, are jointly building a tenement house in Dover, N. H. He and his wife, who were educated at the Fanwood school, are seemingly quite happy.

Mr. Geo. McWilliams has returned to Fall River and is now working for one of the leading furniture dealers, L. Nichols & Co. He is getting \$1.50 a day, with a fair prospect of an advance as his usefulness increases. He is a cabinet maker, and formerly worked in Brighton and Cambridgeport, Mass., for a number of years. Dame Rumor bath it that he is in luck, and a certain Maine deaf-mute lady, whose initials are C. R., can vouch for it.

Who will be the next Governor of Massachusetts—B. F. B., or Chicopee?

FRENCH CANADIAN.

A Trip to St. Louis.

I have been to the "Great Future City," on an excursion on Oct. 1st, 1893. About 3000 excursionists living along the Bee line went to see the "Veiled Prophet's" parade, and the fair at St. Louis. At 8:10 a.m., I left in company with a couple of friends, and we arrived at Indianapolis at 10:15 p.m. There were three trains of excursionists en route to St. Louis. We got there at 2 o'clock, Tuesday. The distance from Cleveland to St. Louis is 550 miles, and the fare charged for the round trip was \$5. We had a grand jolly time riding and seeing the sights. We arrived at East St. Louis at 1:35 and got on a ferry for St. Louis, arriving there at 2 p.m. We then scattered for all parts of the city, enjoying the sights. Your representative then had a meal and took a car for Montrose Avenue, where his sister lives, and saw her. At 7 o'clock he went down town with Mr. E. Harden to see the parade.

It is said that over 800,000 visitors were in St. Louis at that time.

THE DAY SCHOOL.

under the management of Prof. Simpson, is in a remarkably flourishing condition. The number of pupils enrolled is about thirty eight, of which number about thirteen being girls. Most of them are intelligent and learn fast. Mr. Simpson has two assistants in his school, whose names are Miss Macy, of Indiana, and Mrs. Simpson, his wife. They teach the pupils with energy and ability. St. Louis must be proud of a good school. Like Chicago, it must have some advantages. Although it is about four years old, its superiority is above the advantages of other schools. There are three classes of pupils. They learn arithmetic, geography, grammar, penmanship, etc. They understand their teachers with ease. Prof. Simpson has our congratulations on his success.

THE ST. LOUIS CLUB.

a young society, only two years old, is under the management of the mutes. It is a social club; a place where mutes can assemble to talk, read, and listen to lectures delivered by some of its members. Your correspondent was surprised to learn that it is in a flourishing condition, about \$150 in money being in the hands of its treasurer. It never had any assistance from the public. How it was organized without appealing for assistance is a mystery to me. The members who were the originators of the organization should be rewarded for their trouble. The money obtained to organize the club came from the proceeds of the sale of tickets at the picnic and ball. M. J. Smith, it will be remembered, was its secretary. He resigned, as he wanted to leave the city. Was his resignation accepted? No, his resignation was refused. Why? Because he swindled the club out of \$6. The members would not let his name be on file again, nor will his resignation be accepted unless he settles with the club.

His treasurer will have to give security hereafter. The president, as Trustee, is now investigating the trouble. The club's members and officers are now efficient and honest men. They have good situations and plenty of confidence. M. J. Smith is reported to be in Arkansas now, but he goes South this winter. He fooled two greenhorns in Missouri some time ago. He told one he wanted to go and see some lady on business, and that he did not like to go with his old clothes, and wanted to wear the fool's fine clothes. He lent them to him, and he left his old ones at his house. Nothing was heard from him, and it was learned he skipped town.

MISCELLANEOUS.

J. J. Smith's mother died of heart disease, Monday, one week ago. Anybody visiting St. Louis is welcome at the club-room.

Mr. Guss, the new president of the club, shook hands with "Juno." He was well acquainted with his lovely wife.

The JOURNAL is well patronized in St. Louis. Mutes living there prefer the JOURNAL to other papers.

"Juno" shook hands with some mutes he met and visited.

Mr. and Mrs. Guss have a comfortable happy home.

Mr. Ed. Harden works in a daily printing office, and is doing well.

It is said that Mr. Hazzard, an employee of the Vulcan Steel Works, will perhaps lose one of his eyes, which was accidentally struck by a fire spark.

"Juno" says with regret that he did not have time to call on "Jim Jams."

Mr. and Mrs. Simpson were happy to see "Juno."

Vance, of Paris, Ill., is a waiter at a restaurant owned by his mother.

Mr. Guss has a good situation, and is the high salaried mute in St. Louis. Rumor says that Mr. Stockstick is to be no more a single man. Success to you, Mr. S.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Trask, a mute, was run over by an engine somewhere near Columbus two weeks ago.

M. Viets, of Chicago, it is strange to us, did not communicate with his friends here.

Mr. Menche's father, two sisters and nephew, went to St. Louis with "Juno."

"Juno" was glad to see his only niece there. She is eighteen months old.

There was no mute on the excursion trains to St. Louis. More anon.

Oct. 7, '93

A Wife to Her Husband.

One of us, dear—
But one—
Will sit by a bed with a marvelous fear,
And clasp a hand
Growing cold as it feels for the spirit land—
Darling, which one?

One of us, dear—
But one—
Will stand by the other's coffin bier,
And look and weep,
While those marble lips strange silence keep—
Darling, which one?

One of us, dear—
But one—
By an open grave will drop a tear,
And homeward go,
The anguish of an unshared grief to know—
Darling, which one?

One of us, darling, it must be;
It may be you will slip from me;
Or perhaps my life will first be done—
Which one?

A Historical Mystery.

At three o'clock in the afternoon of September 18th, 1698, the *Seur de Saint-Mars*, arriving from the *Iles Saint Marguerite*, made his entry into the Bastille, a prison in Paris, France. He had just been appointed governor of the Bastille. In the litter in which Saint-Mars travelled was also a prisoner, whose face was covered with a black velvet mask, and whom Saint-Mars, as well as the soldiers who accompanied him, guarded with the greatest care. While travelling, Saint-Mars was careful that his prisoner should always sit with his back to the windows. Saint-Mars always had pistols laid besides his plate when his prisoner and himself dined, and at night their beds were placed side by side. Five years after the arrival of this mysterious personage at the Bastille, he died, and was buried in St. Paul's churchyard. No one now knows who he was, or any thing more about him than is stated above. While he lived the secret was confined to a few persons who carried it with them to the grave; at the Bastille, those who dared speak of him at all, and the number was very few indeed, called him "the prisoner of Provence," the place from which Saint-Mars brought him. He was compelled to wear his mask all the time, even the doctor who attended him when he was sick never saw his face. The mask being made of velvet with steel springs, he is generally known as "the man in the iron mask." Some persons suppose he was a twin brother of Louis XIV, who was thus treated in order to prevent disputes about succession to the French throne; others say he was the Patriarch of Constantinople, whilst others try to prove that he was a prince or great statesman, French, English, German or Italian; but as no great personage is known to have disappeared from the stage of European politics at this time, they can not prove it. How long he was a captive and where he came from, is alike wrapped in mystery. A great many persons, Napoleon I. among the number, have endeavored in vain to penetrate this mystery; books have also been written to prove and disprove his identity, but as Monsieur Michelet, a French historian remarks: "The history of the man in the iron mask will probably remain forever unknown." Compelling prisoners to wear a mask, was a common form of punishment in Italy at that time, but, unlike "the man in the iron mask," their names, and the reason why they wore their masks, was known.

CYRIL CADWALLADER.

The Boy and the Man.

Many years ago, a poor shepherd boy, clad in an old plaid mantle, went into a book store in Edinburgh and asked for a second hand Greek Testament, being unable to buy a new one. The bookseller having handed him one, the boy asked the price.

"For whom do you want it?" asked the bookseller.

"For myself," answered the boy.

"Can you read Greek?"

"Yes, sir," modestly replied the boy.

"Then," said the bookseller, "if you will read and translate a few sentences I will give you the book."

The boy, highly pleased with the proposal, read the Greek text and then translated it into English.

"Take the book, my boy," said the bookseller; "you are welcome to it."

Many years afterwards the same boy (ah! he had become a man now) stepped into the same book store, entered into conversation with the bookseller, and asked him if he remembered giving a second-hand Greek Testament to a poor shepherd boy one morning.

"Yes, I remember it well," said the bookseller, "and I should like to know what became of that boy, for I am certain he has risen to eminence in some profession or other."

"Sir," said the man, "you see him before you."

Now, who do you think he was? The Rev. John Brown, of Haddington, one of the most eminent authors and commentators of the Scriptures the world has ever produced.

It is a well-known fact that the children of parents of humble circumstances often succeed better than the children of rich; and their great success must arise from their being stimulated by their scanty means to improve to the utmost the talents which God has given them.

To the sons of the poor man, then I say, in the words of Solomon, "The hand of the diligent shall bear rule; but the slothful shall be under tribute." Be industrious, be frugal and attentive to every duty. To the sons of the rich I would say, "He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man; and seest thou a man diligent in business, he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."—*New York Observer.*

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